

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 2.

## THE BOYHOOD OF THACKERAY.

BY ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

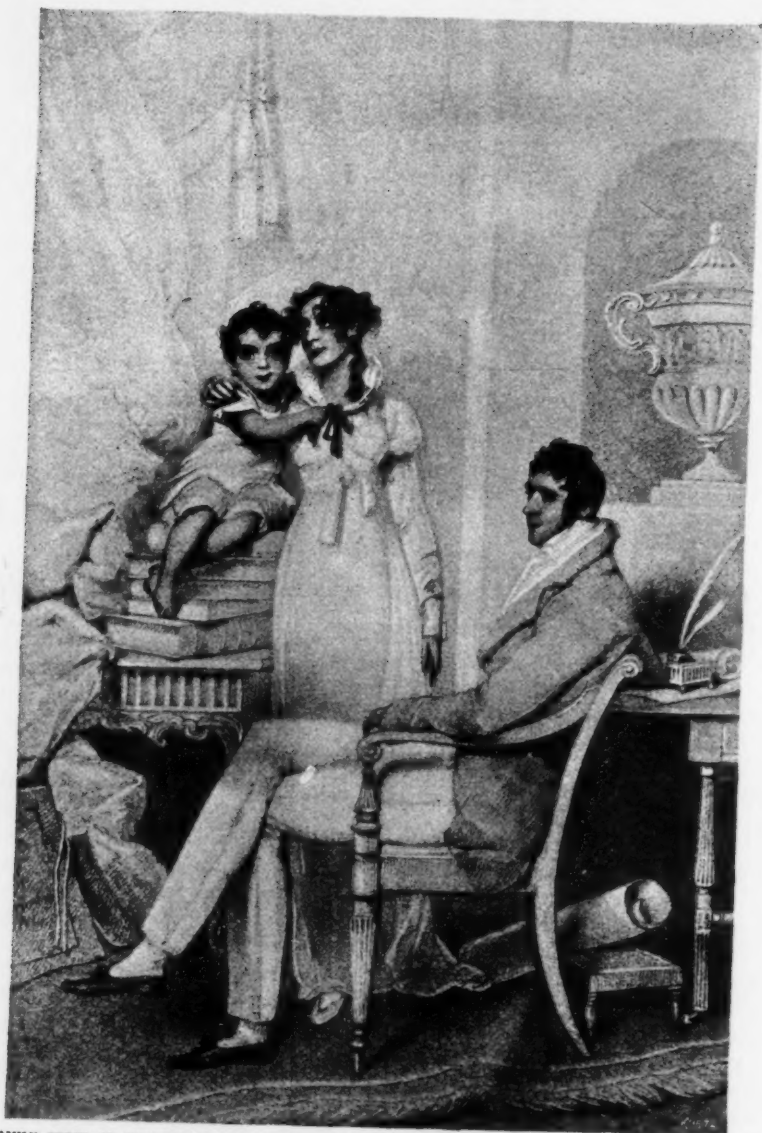
### I.

THERE is a picture we used to look at as children in the nursery at home, and which my own children look at now, as it hangs upon the wall. It is a water-color sketch, delicately penciled and tinted, done in India some three-quarters of a century ago by Chinnery, a well-known artist of those days, who went to Calcutta and depicted the people there with charming skill.

This picture represents a family group,—father, mother, infant child,—a subject which has been popular with painters ever since they first began their craft. Long before Raphael's wondrous art was known, this particular composition was a favorite with artists and spectators, as I think it will ever be, from generation to generation, while mothers continue to clasp their little ones in their arms. This special group of Thackerays is almost the only glimpse we have of my father's earliest childhood, but it gives a vivid passing impression of his first home, which lasted for so short a time. My long, lean, young grandfather sits at such ease as people allowed themselves in those classic days, propped in a stiff chair, in tight white ducks and pumps, and with a kind, grave face. He was Mr. Richmond Thackeray, of the Bengal Civil Service, the then revenue

collector of the districts called "the twenty-four Perganas." My grandmother, a beautiful young woman of some two and twenty summers, stands, draped in white, with a certain nymph-like aspect, and beside her, perched upon half a dozen big piled books, with his arms round his mother's neck, is her little son, William Makepeace Thackeray, a round-eyed boy of three years old, dressed in a white muslin frock. He has curly, dark hair, an innocent face, and a very sweet look and smile. This look was almost the same indeed after a lifetime; neither long years of work and trouble, nor pain, nor chill winters of anxiety ever dimmed its clear simplicity, though his spectacles may have sometimes come between his eyes and those who did not know him very well.

He used to take his spectacles off when he looked at this old water-color. "It is a pretty drawing," he used to say; but if his father, in the picture, could have risen from the chair he would have been about nine feet high, according to the length of the legs there depicted. My own father used to tell us he could just remember our grandfather, a very tall, thin man, rising out of a bath. He could also remember the crocodiles floating on the Ganges, and that was almost all he ever described of India, though in his later writings there are many allusions to



A FAMILY GROUP OF THACKERAYS—MR. AND MRS. RICHMOND THACKERAY, AND THEIR SON, LITTLE WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. (FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY GEORGE CHINNERY.)

East Indian life. In "The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan," for instance, there is enough meaning and intention in the names and Hindustanee to show that he still retained something of his early impressions.

A year after the sketch in question was painted,

the peaceful home in India was broken up forever. The poor young collector of the twenty-four Perganas died of a fever on board a ship, where he had been carried from the shore for fresher air; this was about 1816, when my father was five years old.

Richmond Thackeray was himself little over thirty when he died. His young widow remained in India with her mother, and married a second time. Two years after her first husband's death, her little son came back to England with a cousin of the same age, both returning under the care of an Indian civilian, Mr. James McNabb, who had promised to befriend the children on the journey home, and of whose kindness we were often told in our childhood.

In the Roundabout Paper, on "Letts's Diary," my father mentions this very coming home. He is speaking of this cousin, Sir Richmond Shakespear, who had been his little playmate and friend from the time of their birth. "In one of the stories by the present writer," he says, "a man is described tottering up the steps of the Ghaut, having just parted with his child whom he is dispatching to England from India. I wrote this, remembering in long, long distant days such a Ghaut, or river-stair, at Calcutta; and a day when down those steps, to a boat which was in waiting, came two children whose mothers remained on the shore. One of these ladies was never to see her boy more." (So he says speaking of his aunt Mrs. Shakespear.)

My grandmother's was a happier fate, and she returned to make a home for her son, and to see him grow up and prosper and set his mark upon his time.

## II.

BEFORE going any further the writer must explain how it has come about that these few papers and drawings are now for the first time given to the public.

A little more than a year ago an American gentleman came to see us at Southmead, where we were then living, with a letter of introduction from a friend, and at his request I showed him some letters and drawings, and the picture of my father which I have been describing, and some of my father's MSS., in all of which he took the same warm and responsive interest which has so often been shown by the American as well as the English readers of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis." Among the letters were two or three very early epistles I had lately found; written at the time of my father's first coming home to England, when all our present race of

elders, statesmen, poets, and philosophers were also little boys—and girls, shall we say?—playing in their nurseries, spinning their hoops and tops, peacefully awaiting the coming whirligigs of life. I had found the letters by chance one day, in a packet which had been preserved by my grandmother for half a century. It had then lain undisturbed for nearly twenty years after her death, for so much time had passed since they were first written by the little boy in the quiet Hampshire village to his mother in India.

I showed these childish letters, among other things, to my American visitor, as I have said, and, not long afterward, he wrote to me conveying the request of the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS, that I would let the magazine have them for the benefit of its young readers. I had some hesitation at first in complying with the request,—for it is difficult to go against a life-long habit, and I have always felt bound by my father's objections. After a time I spoke to my old friend Mr. George Smith, to whom my father's copyrights belong. He willingly consented and saw no real hindrance to the publication. And, as I looked again at the child's writing, I felt that even the most fastidious could not find any breach of confidence in printing the simple lines; and, apart from all other reasons, it would be a pleasure to us and to our own children to see them reproduced. I was sure, too, that many American boys and girls and their elders would be interested to see how the writer of "Vanity Fair" began his life-long work.

And so it happened that one summer's day this year a little cart drew up at our garden gate, a photographer and a camera were landed on the doorstep, the camera was set up in a corner of the garden, the sun came out from behind a cloud, and in an hour or two the letters were copied, the pictures and the bust were reproduced, the picture went back to its nail, and the letters to their drawers, and the cart rumbled off with the negatives, of which the proofs have now reached me from America.

## III.

"WHEN I first saw England," my father writes in his lecture upon George III., "she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the

hope of the Empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden where we saw a man walking. 'That is he,' said the black man, 'that is Bonaparte; he eats three sheep every day and all the little children he can lay hands on!'"

The little traveler must have been about six years old when he landed in England. He was sent to Fareham, in Hampshire, to the care of his mother's aunt and grandmother, where she had also lived as a child in the same quiet old house. "Trix's house" it was called in those days, and still may be for all I know. It stood in Fareham High street, with pretty, old-fashioned airs and graces, and a high sloping roof and narrow porch. The low front windows looked across a flower garden into the village roadway, the back windows opened into a pleasant fruit garden sloping to the river. When I myself the other day read in "Præterita" Ruskin's exquisite description of the fruit-bearing trees and bushes in his own childish "Garden of Eden," straightway came to my mind a remembrance, a vision, of the gooseberry and currant bushes at our Aunt Becher's, and of my little curly-haired sister sitting on the ground and filling her pinafore with fruit. We in turn, children of a fourth generation, were brought for a time to the old house. I can see it all as plain before me as if I was eight years old once more; and I can remember hearing my grandmother say that, according to her own remembrance, nothing was changed from the time when she too had returned thither from India as a fatherless child to dwell in the quiet village for a decade of years, until she went back to India again at sixteen, dressed for the journey in a green cloth riding-habit—so she used to tell us—to be married, and to be a mother, and widowed, and married again before another decade had gone by. She never had any other child than my father.

My sister and I, coming so long after, succeeded to all her old traditions: to the oak stools standing in the window; to the little white bed in the upper room; to the garden leading to the river-bank. We made cowslip balls in the meadows (how often we had heard

of them before we came to Fareham!). All our grandmother's stories came to life for us. We too had pattens to wear when it rained, we too had "willow" plates of our own, and cherry-pie on Sundays, and dry bread on week days; we too were forbidden butter by our old great-grand-aunt as a pernicious luxury for children. We were afraid of the old aunt, but very fond of her, for she used to give us half-sovereigns, and send us charming letters in her beautiful handwriting. The little old house was as pleasant within as without; big blue china pots stood in the corners of the sitting-rooms and of the carved staircase with its low steps. In the low-pitched front parlor hung the pictures (a Sir Joshua Reynolds among them) of generations not so far removed in my childish days as they are at present, being now buried away by succeeding lives—"où sous son père on retrouve encore son père comme l'onde sous l'onde dans une mer sans fond."

My father's great-grandmother, Mrs. Becher, had sat to Sir Joshua in her youth—she died in 1825 at eighty-nine years of age. Her name, which the writer has inherited, was Anne Hays-ham before she married, and we have a copy of the Sir Joshua portrait, representing a stately dame in the flowing draperies of the period. She lived in the old house at Fareham, after her husband's death; she was the mother of many daughters and tempestuous sons. The sterner rule of those Spartan times did not always quell the wild spirits of their rising generations. My grandmother has often told me that Mrs. Becher never called her eldest daughter anything but "Miss Becher"; her little granddaughter was "Miss Nancy." She used to come and go leaning on a beautiful tortoiseshell-headed cane. I have played with the cane, though its owner died long before I was born; as for the great-aunt, I remember her perfectly well, a little old lady in a flaxen front with apple cheeks and a blue shawl, holding out her welcoming arms to the third generation of her brother John's descendants. When she died, she left her brother's picture out of the parlor to my grandmother, his only surviving daughter, and now in turn it hangs with its red coat upon our parlor wall. We are all very fond of our great-grandfather, with his nice coat and



lace ruffles. He is, in the portrait, a young man of some twenty-five years of age, with an oddly familiar face, impulsive, inquisitive,—so he strikes me at least. His name was John Harman Becher, and he too went out to India and did good work there, and died young, as did so many others—in those adventurous days. He was born in April, 1764, and died about 1800.

Fareham itself, with its tall church spire and its peal of Sunday bells across the cowslip meadows, was a Miss-Austen-like village, peopled by retired naval officers and spirited old ladies who played whist every night of their lives and kept up the traditions of England, not without some asperity, as I well remember. Among other things which my grandmother has often described to us was the disastrous news of Nelson's death, coming to them all, in that same little parlor where, a few years after, little William Makepeace Thackeray sat, laboriously writing to his mother in India.

This letter, the earliest we have, is addressed to "Mrs. R. Thackeray, care of Messrs. Palmer's, per P. of Orange, Calcutta." It took six months to reach its journey's end.

MY DEAR MAMA I hope you are quite well. I have given my dear Grandmama a kiss my Aunt Ritchie is very good to me I like Chiswick there are so many good Boys to play with. St. James's Park is a very fine place. St. Pauls Church too I like very much it is a finer place than I expected. I hope Captain Smyth is well give my love to him and tell him he must bring you home to your affectionate little son

WILLIAM THACKERAY.

"William got so tired of his pen he could not write longer with it," says his great-aunt in a postscript to this Indian letter, "so he hopes you will be able to read his pencil . . . He drew me your house in Calcutta [she continues], not omitting his monkey looking out of the window and black Betty at the top drying the towels, and he told us of the number you collected on his birthday in that large room he pointed out to us!" There are also a few words from an uncle written under the seal. "My dear Sister Anne, I have seen my dear little nephew and am delighted with him."

Besides all these postscripts there is a faint pencil sketch representing, as I imagine, Captain

Carmichael-Smyth on horseback. That gentleman was then just engaged to my grandmother, and was ever after the kindest of friends and parents to my father and to all of us.

We have an interesting book compiled by a member of the family for private circulation, in which there is an account of my father as a child. "His habit of observation began very early," says Mrs. Bayne in this volume. "His mother told me that once when only three or four years old, and while sitting on her knee at the evening hour, she observed him gazing upward and lost in admiration. 'Ecco,' he exclaimed, pointing to the evening star, which was shining like a diamond over the crescent moon. This struck her the more as she had herself noticed the same beautiful combination on the night of his birth. 'Ecco' was probably *decco*, which is Hindustanee for 'look!' I have often heard that when he first came to London and was driving through the city he called out, 'That is St. Paul's!' He had recognized it from a picture. He was with his father's sister, Mrs. Ritchie, at the time, and she was alarmed by noticing that his uncle's hat, which he had put on in play, quite fitted him. She took him to Sir Charles Clarke, the great physician of the day, who examined him, and said, 'Don't be afraid; he has a large head, but there is a great deal in it.'"

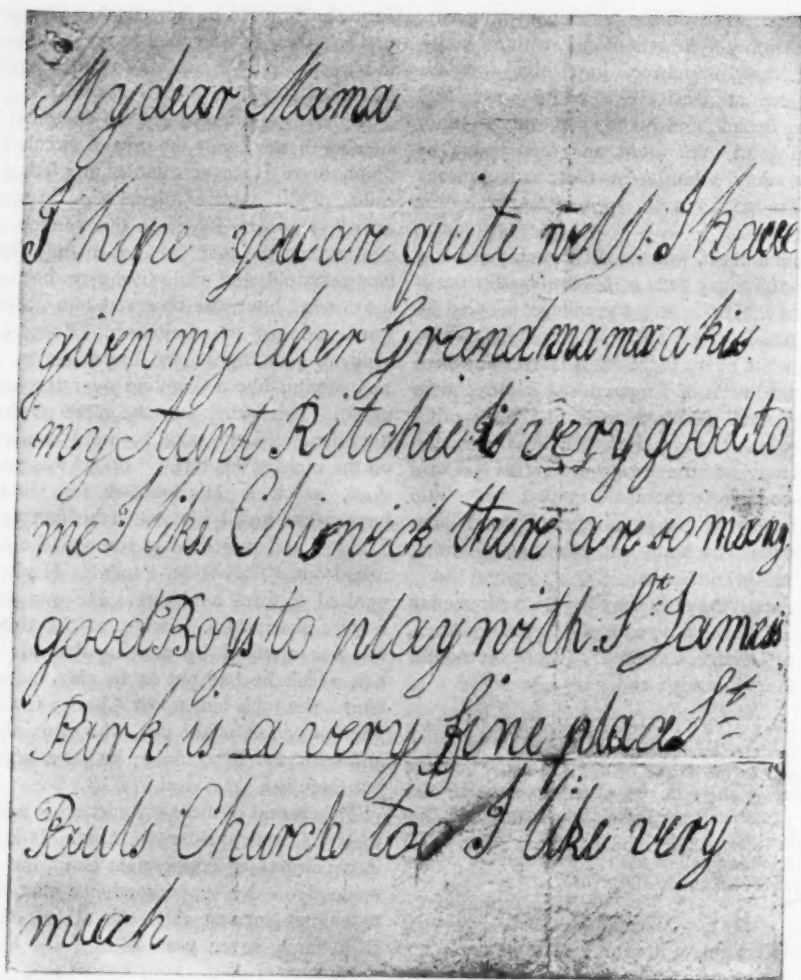
The second of these early letters is addressed to Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth, Agra. It is written in a painstaking copperplate hand, but it is so evidently under superintendence that it is of much less interest than the others. He was then barely seven years old.

April 24, 1818.

MY DEAR MAMA: I received your kind letter which Mrs. ——— was so good as to read to me as I am not able to read your letters yet but hope I shall soon. I have been twice with George and Richmond to dine with Mr. Shakespear he was very kind and gave me a great many pretty books to read and promised I should go every time George and Richmond went. I wrote a long letter in February and sent it to Aunt Becher to send to you. I have learnt Geography a long time, and have begun latin and cyphering which I like very much, pray give my love to Papa, I remain dear Mama yr dutiful son

W. THACKERAY.

Looking over some of my grandmother's early letters I find more than one mention of



My dear Mama  
 I hope you are quite well. I have  
 given my dear Grandmama a kiss.  
 my Aunt Ritchie is very good to  
 me I like Chiswick there are so many  
 good Boys to play with. St James  
 Park is a very fine place. St  
 Pauls Church too I like very  
 much

FAC-SIMILE OF A PORTION OF AN EARLY LETTER. (SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

my father. "I have had a delightful letter from my man," the mother writes from India, and then quoting from her own home correspondence she continues: "The day Charles [Col. Carmichael-Smyth] arrived, he [the boy] was in high spirits all day, but when he went to bed he could restrain no longer and burst into tears. The servant asked him why he cried. He said, 'I can't help it, to see one who has so lately seen my dear mother and to see her picture and the dear purse she has made for me!'"

## IV.

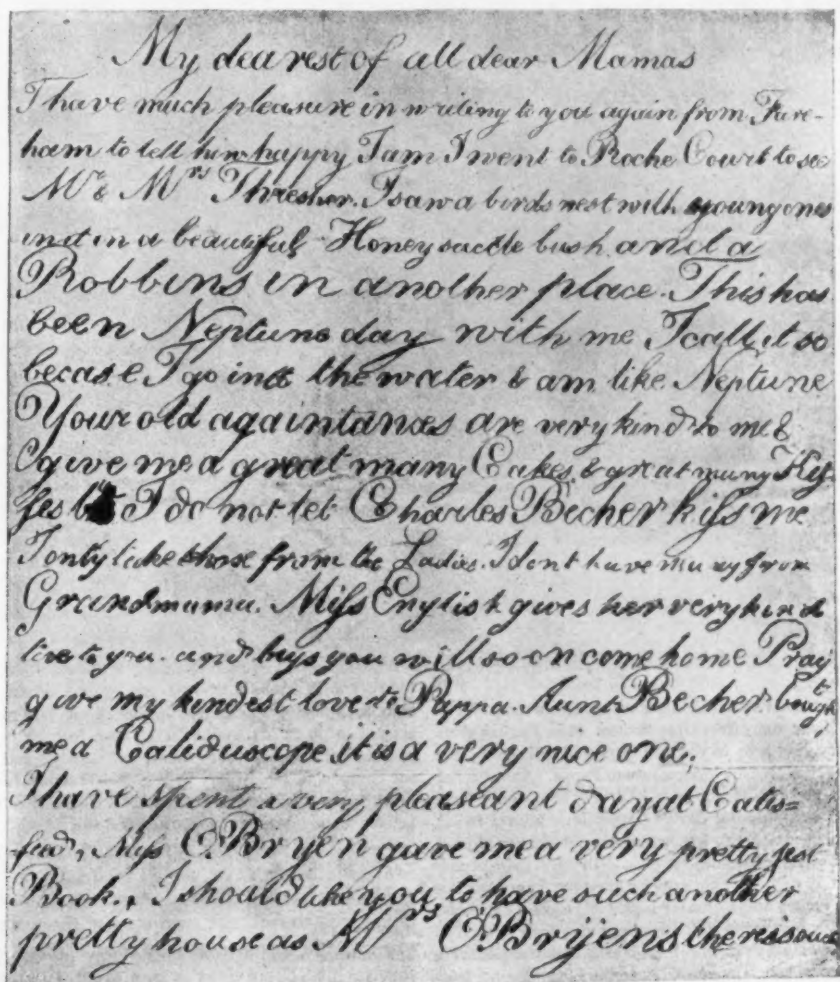
My father never spoke with any pleasure of his early school-days. As we drove to Richmond with him sometimes, he used to show us the corner of the lane at Chiswick which led to the school where all the "good boys" were learning their lessons. To this corner, soon after he entered school as a very little fellow, he ran away, and then was so frightened by the sight of the Hammersmith High Road that he ran back again, and no one was

the wiser. Before he was sent to Chiswick, I believe he stayed, for some months only, at a school in Hampshire, where his cousins also were pupils. "I can remember George coming and flinging himself down upon my bed the first night," he wrote long after to his cousin, Mrs. Irvine, sister of George and Richmond Shakespear. This was that school of which he speaks in the Roundabout Paper, "A school of which our deluded parents had heard a favorable report, but which was governed by a horrible little tyrant who made our

young lives so miserable that I remember kneeling by my little bed of a night, and saying, Pray God I may dream of my mother."

The next letter was written from Fareham:

MY DEAREST OF ALL DEAR MAMAS: I have much pleasure in writing to you again from Fareham to tell how happy I am. I went to Roche Court to see Mr. and Mrs. Thresher. I saw a birds nest with young ones in it, in a beautiful honeysuckle bush and a robbin's in another place. This has been Neptune day with me I call it so because I go into the water & am like Neptune. Your old acquaintances are very kind to me & give me a great many Cakes & great many Kisses. I do not let Charles Becher kiss me. I only take those from the Ladies. I don't have many from Grandmamma. Miss English gives her very kind love to you. and says you will soon come home. Pray give my kindest love to Pappa. Aunt Becher bought me a Galiduscope it is a very nice one. I have spent a very pleasant day at Eatisford. Miss C. Bryer gave me a very pretty set Book. I should like you to have such another pretty house as Mr. C. Bryer's the nicest



My dearest of all dear Mamas  
I have much pleasure in writing to you again from Fareham to tell how happy I am I went to Roche Court to see Mr. & Mrs. Thresher. I saw a birds nest with young ones in it in a beautiful Honey suckle bush and a robbin's in another place. This has been Neptunes day with me I call it so because I go into the water & am like Neptune. Your old acquaintances are very kind to me & give me a great many Cakes & great many Kisses. I do not let Charles Becher kiss me. I only take those from the Ladies. I don't have many from Grandmamma. Miss English gives her very kind love to you. and says you will soon come home. Pray give my kindest love to Pappa. Aunt Becher bought me a Galiduscope it is a very nice one. I have spent a very pleasant day at Eatisford. Miss C. Bryer gave me a very pretty set Book. I should like you to have such another pretty house as Mr. C. Bryer's the nicest

a beautiful Garden. I am grown a great Boy  
 I am three feet 11 inches and a quarter high  
 I have got a nice boat. I learn some which  
 you was very fond of such as the Ode on Music &c.  
 I shall go on Monday to Chiswick to see  
 Aunt Turner & hear the Boys speak. I intend  
 to be one of those heroes in time. I am very glad I am  
 not to go to Mr. Kethups. I have lost my Cough  
 and am quite well, strong, saucy & hearty & can  
 eat Gramma's goosberry pyes famously  
 after which I drink yours & my Papas good health  
 & a speedy return.

Believe me my dear Mama  
 Yours dutiful son  
 W. Thackeray

Farham. June 11<sup>th</sup>

Hamts.

Charles Becher kiss me I only take those from the ladies — I don't have many from Grandmama. Miss English gives her very kind love to you and begs you will soon come home. Pray give my kindest love to Pappa. Aunt Becher bought me a Caliduscope it is a very nice one I have spent a very pleasant day at Catesfield. Miss O'Bryen gave me a very pretty jest book I should like you to have such another pretty house as Mrs. O'Bryen's, there is such a beautiful garden. I am grown a great boy I am three feet eleven inches and a quarter high I have got a nice boat, I learn some poems which you was very fond of such as the Ode on Music &c. I shall go on Monday to Chiswick to see my Aunt Turner and hear the boys speak. I in-

tend to be one of those heroes in time, I am very glad I am not to go to Mr. Arthur's. I have lost my cough and am quite well, strong, saucy, and hearty; and can eat Grammama's goosberry pyes famously after which I drink yours & my Papas good health & a speedy return. believe me my dear Mama your dutiful son

W. THACKERAY.

My father must have been a sensitive little boy, quick to feel, not over strong, though well grown. He was always very short-sighted, and this in his school-days was a great trouble to

him, for he could not join in the games with any comfort or pleasure, nor even see the balls which he was set to stop at cricket. In those days schools were not what they are now; they were rough and ready places. He used to describe dreadful arrangements of zinc, with oily streaks of soap floating on the black waters, which always sickened him, and which were all the materials that the little boys were allowed

a perfect recollection of me; he could not speak, but kissed me and looked at me again and again. I could almost have said, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' He is the living image of his father, and God in heaven send he may resemble him in all but his too short life. He is tall, stout, and sturdy, his eyes are become darker, but there is still the same dear expres-



FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING MADE BY THACKERAY IN HIS BOYHOOD.

for their morning's ablutions. He suffered in health as well as in spirits, and he was often laid up. And it seems to be after one of these passing illnesses that the letter reproduced in fac-simile on pages 105 and 106 was written from Fareham, where he must have been sent to recover. But his troubles were almost at an end, for his mother was even then on her way home and he had no need to dream of her dear presence any more.

This is her account of the meeting: "He was not at Chatham when we arrived, but Mr. Langslow brought him from Chiswick the next morning, for Mrs. Turner would not part with him till we came, that I might see him in full bloom; and truly he is so, dear soul. He had

sion. He remembers you all perfectly. Aunt Maria, I think, is his favorite still. The moment he saw the gold knife, he said, 'Oh, my grand-mamma gave me this, and I poked Dash with it.' His drawing is wonderful."

#### V.

AFTER drawing Captain Smyth, the house in Calcutta, and Betty hanging out the clothes, as he did on his first arrival, the little boy went on to draw everything else that struck his fancy. He liked to draw, not so much the things he saw as the things he thought about: knights with heraldic shields, soldiers, brigands, dragons, and demons; his school-books were all orna-





FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING MADE BY THACKERAY IN HIS BOYHOOD.

mented with funny fanciful designs, his papers were covered with them. When he was still quite a little fellow, he used to manufacture small postilions out of wafers, with the top-boots in ink and red coats neatly stuck on. As he got older, he took to a flourishing style, with split pens for his instruments, sketching gentlemen with magnificent wreaths of hair and flaps to their coats, ladies with wonderful eyes and lips, in style all curly and flourishing; but these experiments were in later years, after his mother's return from India.

I gladly acceded to the request of the Editor of *ST. NICHOLAS*, who asked me to forward with the rest of the papers two or three specimens of my father's childish drawings. They are taken at hazard from those in our possession. Here\* is one of the drawings which by the writing underneath should belong to these very early days when the young designer was but nine or ten years old. We must not fail to observe that the brave captain, kneeling for mercy, is poking out his companion's eye with his sword, while the gallant warrior in a cocked hat, standing up, is delivering two heavy purses to the constable (or highwayman?) with his club.

Here are one or two more quotations from the mother's letters which run on about so many unknown things and people, and then here and there comes a little phrase or sentence belonging to one's own present world and dearest interests:

"August, 1821.

"My Billy-Man is quite well. I must trespass and give him a day or two of holidays. You would laugh to hear what a grammarian he is. We were talking about odd characters, some one was mentioned, I forget who. Billy said, 'Undoubtedly he is a Noun — Substantive.' 'Why, my dear?' 'Because he stands by himself.'"

Here is the history of a relapse:

"My poor Billy-Boy was getting better of his cough, and he was going into school when Henry unfortunately went to see him and gave him half-a-crown, with which my little Gentleman must buy a lump of cheese, which of all things you know was the very worst, and brought back the enemy."

Then comes an account by the Mamma of the school of which the little scholar's impressions were so different.

\* See page 107.



FAC-SIMILES OF DRAWINGS BY THACKERAY WHEN A BOY. BENEATH THE UPPER SCENE THE YOUNG ARTIST WROTE IN PENCIL: "HOW SHOULD YOU LIKE TO BE SERVED SO?"

little figure he has done in a few minutes of Captain Bobadil; it was a thick pencil and he could not make a good outline. He painted a little theater for young Forrest, or rather a scene with sides entirely from his own imagination, which Mrs. Forrest says was capital.

"Our time is limited to the 19th, when I must be at Chiswick to hear

"I don't think there could be a better school for young boys. My William is now 6th in the school, though out of the 26 there are only four that are not older than himself. He promises to fag hard till Midsummer that he may obtain a medal, and after that I think of placing him at the Charter House. . . .

"He tells me he has seen the Prince Regent's Yacht in Southampton Water and the bed in which his Royal Highness breathes his *royal snore*."

Again—

"Billy-Man says, 'give my love to them all, *I wish* they would come over.' Here is the

my little hero hold forth—I don't know how I shall go through with it. They have not selected an interesting speech—Hannibal's address to his soldiers—which you must all read and fancy me and Billy-Boy—but you can't fancy such a great fellow."

Can the picture on page 108 be Captain Bobadil, or one of the scenes for the theater? On this page is a thrilling incident from the Spanish Inquisition carefully painted and finished up by the little artist.

## VI.

THE letter which follows is the last of the early letters, and is dated in 1822, when its

Charter House Jan. 20, 1822

My dear Mother

I am now going to begin bothering you that letter I wrote to Butler was only a bit of a preface I dare say you are surprised to see me use a whole sheet of paper but I have laid in a stock for the quarter pens ink and all as I hope you will write to me soon at least oftener than you did last quarter & tell me all about Addiscombe & the Gentlemen's cadets and tell me if Papa has got a hat that will fit him. My hands are so cold that I can hardly write. I have made a vow not spend that five shilling piece you gave me till I get into the 8th form which I mean to

writer was eleven years old. His stepfather had been appointed Governor of Addiscombe, and his own life at Grey-Friars had begun.

CHARTER HOUSE, Jan. 20, 1822.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I am now going to begin bothering you that letter I wrote to Butler was only a bit of a preface I dare say you are surprised to see me use a whole sheet of paper but I have laid in a stock for the quarter pens

ink and all I hope you will write to me soon at least oftener than you did last quarter & tell me all about Addiscombe & the Gentlemen Cadets and tell me if Papa has got a hat that will fit him. My hands are so cold that I can hardly write. I have made a vow not spend that five shilling piece you gave me till I get into the 8th form which I mean to ask for tomorrow. The holidays begin on the 23rd of April but it wants 13 weeks to them it will be your time to ask me out in three weeks two more Saturdays must pass and then it will be the time for me to go out. Is Butler gone to Addis-

ask for tomorrow. The holidays begin on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of April but it wants 13 weeks to them it will be your time to ask me out in three weeks two more Saturdays must pass and then it will be the time for me to go out. Is Butler gone to Old-combe with you? We have got a new master his name is Dickin-Dickins or Dickinson Give my love to Papa and

I remain

Yours truly  
Wm Thackeray

Write again as quick as you can

combe with you? We have got a new master his name is Dickin—Dickins or Dickinson. Give my love to Papa and I remain

Yours truly

W. M. THACKERAY.

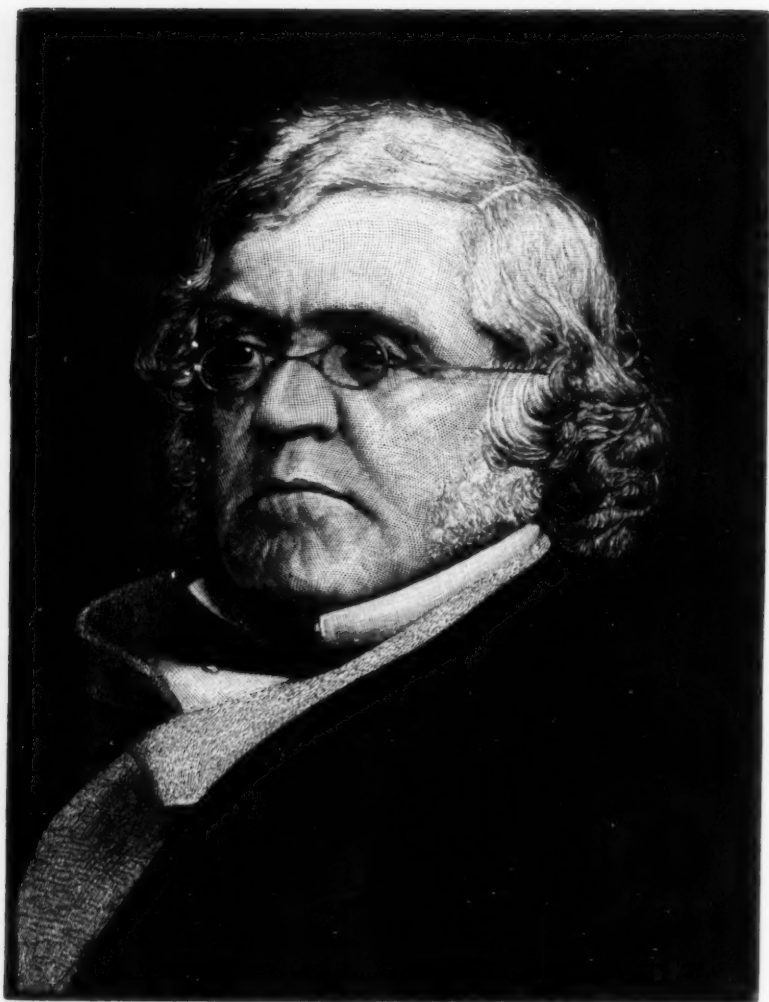
Write again as quick as you can.

Eventually, Major and Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth settled at Fair Oaks, near Ottery St. Mary, whither the little schoolboy used to

travel on the stage-coach when the long-expected holidays came round at last.\*

The frontispiece of the present number of St. NICHOLAS is engraved from the photograph of a bust of little William Makepeace Thackeray which was made in the same year as that to which this last letter belongs. A foreigner called Devile, or Delile, came over with an ingenious

\* One of the very earliest of my memories is that of an old servant, a toothless "old John," in knee-breeches, who had followed the family fortunes from Devonshire to Coram street, where my father and mother lived in London. His picture is to be seen in Pendennis, with a coal-scuttle.



W. M. THACKERAY. FROM THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN. (BY PERMISSION OF THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.)

process for taking people's portraits by casts which he afterwards worked up and put together, and, thanks to his skill, we possess this really admirable portrait of the boy as he was on the 1st of June, 1822, which is the date upon the pedestal. The letter, it will be seen, is dated in January of 1822.

I am glad to be able to add to these glimpses and mementos of his early life a picture that represents my father as I remember him best. The frontispiece shows him as a boy; the en-

graving on this page is from the last photograph ever taken of him. All a lifetime lies between the two portraits, all its sorrows and successes, its work and its endurance. No words of mine are needed to point out the story. As a boy, as a man, my father held to the truth as he felt it to be, to the duties and courageous things of life. He bore much trouble with a brave, cheerful heart, and he made all who belonged to him happy by his generous trust in them, and his unchanging tenderness and affection.



## VERSES.

BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

### A CHRISTMAS LETTER.

ALL the folks that live out here,  
Wish you Merry Christmas, dear!  
Funny, furry little hares,  
After dark, when no one cares,  
Come to dance upon the snow,  
Glad it 's Christmas time, you know.

And the little chickadees,—  
You would think their feet would freeze,—  
They sit chirping, gay enough,  
With their feathers in a fluff,  
“Merry Christmas, when it comes,  
Gives us all a lot of crumbs!”

And your dear old friend, the crow,  
He and all his brothers go  
Teetering across the snow,  
Two-and-twenty in a row;  
Every crow with one keen eye  
For the changes in the sky,  
And another for the ground  
And whatever 's to be found.  
Oh! the crows look sly and queer  
Just about this time of year!  
If they 'd only tell in sleep  
All the secrets that they keep!  
Don't you s'pose they know it 's right  
To hang a stocking up at night?  
Don't you s'pose they know this minute  
Everything there will be in it?

People used to half-believe  
Cows could talk on Christmas eve,  
Standing patient in the stall,  
When the night began to fall;  
That they talked of that strange sight

In a stable Christmas night.  
Don't you wonder if they do?  
Don't you wish that it was true?  
Stars at Christmas, don't you think,  
Have a sort of knowing wink?  
And the flowers underground  
Asleep when Christmas comes around,—  
Don't you think it really seems  
As if they must have Christmas dreams?

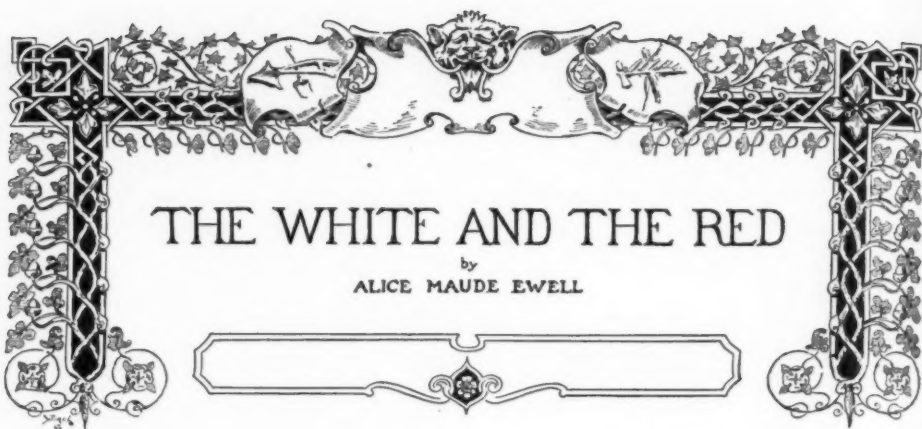
Happy dreams be yours, my dear,  
Christmas night, and all the year!

### THE LAST CRICKET.

TRILL, trill, trill,  
Sweet and shrill,  
From the dark side of a stone;  
Summer is flown away,  
Clover is made into hay,  
Autumn nights are chill;  
Trill away, little Cricket!  
Out in the dark alone.

Trill, trill, trill,  
The tree-tops are still,  
Never a katydid about  
And the firefly's torches are burned out.  
Trill away, little Cricket!  
The stars listen, no doubt.

Trill! trill! trill!  
A summer tune  
Makes not November June.  
Everything has an end,  
And so has thy song, little friend!  
Tweak! the frost nips — thou art still!



# THE WHITE AND THE RED

by  
ALICE MAUDE EWELL

[Dame Gillian Fenn tells the tale to her children, and others of her household,—all seated round a blazing fire,—on Christmas eve, of the Year of Grace 1652, in olden-time Virginia]:

—  
WELL, well! all 's ready for the morrow, thank patience! with making and baking, roasting and toasting, fairly done. And what will ye be having to-night, pray? That same old tale of Indian Simon that I did tell you once afore? Welladay! if it pleased you so rarely at first time o' hearing, I 'll e'en tell 't again. 'T is no such smooth-tripping a merry-go-round as some folk like best this season, nor hath it merry ending, neither—for all some lives were saved by the turn o't; but 't is only fair, I 'm thinking, that you young ones should be made acquaint with what your forebears did suffer and adventure a-planting this New World. Ye may set yourselves up to do great things, mayhap, i' the days to come—but if e'er ye 've a mind to go bragging, why, look ye first behind. 'T will do you no harm, I warrant. Folk should set proper store by homes so hard-won from the wilderness, nor grudge honest tilling o' the ground that was so well watered with fathers' blood. Aye, aye; 't is peace and good will, this Christmas eve, an' good cheer a plenty, to boot; but as for the winning o't all, that was no such peaceful a matter, as ye may reckon. Howsoever, bless God! we need fear no Indian screechery breaking in, like on that time, to spoil talk to-

night. There 's naught worse than the wind outside, or maybe a wolf or two, now and again. Stir ye the coals and pile on the logs,—Dickon, Jacky. We 'll tell it all once more—and he shall have most cakes an' beer at the end, with nuts to crack no less, that proveth the keenest listener.

—Now, 't was after a right strange manner of happening that the lad Simon Peter did first come to dwell amongst us; which same (for that ye may the better understand mine own proper tale i' the telling) I will now in brief relate the ins and outs of. Truly, his descent was from none too good nor too happy a stock, as nobody might deny. 'T was of that heady and high-stomached tribe called Pianketank, who rose up to their own undoing 'gainst the old cruel king, Powhatan, not long afore the coming of the English into Virginia. So that tribe did he swiftly and most furiously fall upon and slay to the last man (as he then purposed and believed), with all the rest of his several under-tribes helping him thereto in vengeance. And when they were all so bloodily done to death, he did cause to be cut off and stringed on a string, all a-row, the ears of men, women, and children—and there were they hanged up betwixt two trees in front of his palace door. A brave sweet sight, i' faith, and a most pleasant for his royal eyes to gaze on, and also a signal warning 'gainst such like rebellious offense. There were they seen by no less than Captain John Smith himself, with others of his company,—to

their great mislike and amazement,—as was aftertime writ down by him in his "True Relation" of Virginia matters, and may to this day be read. Howsoever, it happened that, despite this murderous and savage disposal, there remained yet a very little remnant of the tribe Pianketank, being scarce one score souls in all, who got them away, at the first alarm, in swift flight from the slayers and hid in the dark wilderness till after King Powhatan, in passage of years, died and was buried. E'en then, 't was said, they durst hardly venture out save in a very secret way. But seeing that none molested them, and also that their persecutors' minds had changed with vastly changing times all o'er the land, they came at last boldly forth as any, and settled them upon the woody waste that even to this day lieth uncleared, northward of the road to James City. So there they builded their wigwams on a hillock not far from the way, and no man hindered or anywise denied them needful range for hunting, fishing, and such like getting of wherewithal to live. As for the white men thereabout, they were the rather overkind, I do reckon, as, to such marked unfortunates, one naturally disposeth. Yet, as folk soon 'gan to say, 't was like enough that fault o' the former quarrel with Prince Powhatan was not all on one side. "What 's bred i' the bone will out i' the flesh," as the old saw runneth, and so it came to pass full soon with these poor down-trod and distressed Pianketanks. 'T was not alone an ell they 'd be content with, being given an inch, but a thousand miles, more like. In greedy tricks, malice, pride, laziness, and fierce-mouthed brags, they, waxing ever more insolent, grew daily worse and worse—and as for Jack o' the Feather, he was of them all the most past Christian bearing.

Now his sure-enough Indian name was not Jack, but Nemattanow; only the English called him Jack o' the Feather, because of his saucy tongue, an' because of his being always so finely rigged up with feathers in the wild fashion of his sort. For tho' 't was naught uncommon to see those foolish heathen creatures so bedecked and set off with plumage of birds by them caught or killed, yet never another one was seen to match this Jack in such outlandish bravery and ornamentation. One day 't would be an eagle's plume, mayhap, the next a turkey-wing

—or goodness knoweth what new thing or t' other! There be wiser folk than he in this world that think fine feathers make fine birds, but this same Jack was an ill bird, I do reckon, for all his royal blood. He was next of kin to the chieftain, or king, as they called him (after their high and mighty way), who was killed in the former massacre, that time—so being by blood, as in natural humor, the leader and ruler o' his crew, in mischief as in all else. A king well-nigh without subjects, good sooth! and in right make-a-shift case; yet the lacking in pomp was out-doubled in pride, I trow, and so his fall came round.

Now, it did so chance one day in a busy time of harvest, that Master Thomas Godkyn, his nighest neighbor, would have Jack o' the Feather go an errand for him to Jamestown for one bushel of corn in payment thereof. It was easy earning of good bread, but my royal red gentleman having no mind for such honest humble service, not he, and giving a short and saucy back-answer, No, with some brag of his kingly blood, moreover,—why, then, Master Godkyn, mightily put about and vext by the denial, did burst out scornfully a-laughing at that, saying, "I pray your High Majesty's pardon. I' faith, I did forget your High Majestical state," quoth he, "O fine king o' beggars in a palace o' poles!" Whereupon he laughed again, "Ho, ho!" a-turning on his heel; but as for Jack o' the Feather, he looked a most black an' devilish look, as who would fain strike that other dead with 's tomahawk for very rage, and (crying out fiercely in his Indian speech) said, "Paleface fool! Thou laughest loud to-day, but I will laugh louder to-morrow."

So then Master Godkyn, making that out shrewdly to be threat of evil, did bethink him that he would look keenly to any such risk. But malice hath many ways to creep as well as run,—an' who may guard him 'gainst the cruel cunning of that murderous red people? 'T was the very next morn, just afore day-breaking, that he, being waked up from sleep by a most fearsome bellowing and groaning, as of some great brute-beast in death pain, went out and found—lo and behold!—his brave bull, that had cost a pretty price in England, besides the fetching of it hither, there was it, a-lying i' the meadow,

ham-stringed, and in such a case as might not be anywise holpen save with a bullet through the heart for pity's sake.

Now, small need was there for guessing (as everybody said) whose wicked deviltry this might be. And some of the neighboring white people would be for shooting Jack o' the Feather with the same gun wherewith they had dispatched the bull. "Kill him! kill him!" cried these hot-blooded ones, and had well-nigh set off furiously so to do, without judge or trial, only my father—Master Barrow—said nay to that. "We will not so bring blood-guiltiness on us, neighbors," saith he, "for all that such mischief may no longer lodge amongst us. We will but give him fair warning to quit these parts straightway, on pain o' death. Then, if he do prove contrary and resist, his blood be on his head." So, that being agreed on, the warning was given accordingly; and as for that villain, though he did bitterly deny the bloody fact, he durst not tarry long to prove him innocent, in sooth, for by next daybreak he was clean gone, with all his fellows and belongings (as was first supposed), nobody knew which way or whither.

'T was on the even of that same day that my father, a-passing nigh those wigwams, so left standing lonesome and empty, did hear a very little wailing voice right piteously crying. So he stopped and listened, and being distressed thereby (for the sound of it, as I have heard him say a-many a time, would touch heart of stone) he went to find what that might be. And there, lo! what doth he come across, weeping 'mongst the cold ashes all frightened and alone, but Jack o' the Feather's own child,—and a mere baby lad, at that,—by those most wicked creatures left behind to perish, with neither fire nor victual.

Now, whether he had hid himself away (after the roguish trickery of such very little ones) and so could not be found at time of their hasty setting off, or whether he was so left a-purpose in cold blood from the notion of their flight being by him hampered, Heaven knoweth, not I! Yet there was he, to a certainty, and piteously famished withal; and so my father, being a feeling-hearted man, did fetch him home that night to our house. For mine own self, I was but a little babe in arms that time, but afterward heard

tell enough concerning the surprise and wonderment of it—and the vexedness of my poor mother at this turn. Truly she was ever set 'gainst this outside stranger, e'en from the first, but as for Dickon and Francis, they were right well joyed with a new playfellow. Mayhap about three year old did he seem, and nigh Francis in tallness, though not so bigly set. Words had he, a plenty, when that his tears were dried an' he fairly warmed and fed, but all in the barbarous Indian tongue, such as not even my father might make head or tail of, save only here and there. And being asked his name, as was made shift to do, he cried out loud and proudly, a-clapping his two hands together, "Totapotamoi! Totapotamoi! Totapotamoi!" Whereat our lads laughed, for the right strange, curious sound thereof. And my mother, she cried, "Lord ha' mercy upon the wild heathen creature!" But my father said, right soberly, "'T is good enow for a savage, an' hath a pretty ring i' the sound on 't—an' that 's truth. Notwithstanding," saith he on, "'t is no proper title for any decent tame creature in Christian household." So he named him Simon Peter from that hour—by which name he was soon after brought to christening; and that did we ever call him.

And thus it did hap that he first came to dwell amongst us.

Now, as I have afore said, my mother was ever misliking of it from the very first thereof. Sore vext was she, poor soul, because that my father would have the likes o' such brought up 'mongst his own; for she was high-notioned in the matter of our company-keeping, as is but natural to the gentle-born;—yet as to my father, he was but a yeoman's son i' the old country and had been a rough fighter 'gainst ill fortune most o' his days, so set small store by such comparisons i' quality. And when my mother would be sending Simon to the kitchen in a servant's place (for we had a fair sizable house, builded all of stone, with kitchen and offices thereto, separate and orderly as any in old land or new), why, then the master said stoutly nay to that measure. "What, wife," quoth he, a-smiling so plaguingly withal, "shall we so serve this prince? Is he not of the king's blood, forsooth? an' to be so packed off in kitchen 'mongst common

serving men an' maids! Fie, fie!" saith he; whereat the mistress crieth, "A pretty prince, indeed!" and tossed her head, a-looking but scornfully upon the poor Indian finery (with beads, gewgaws, an' such like, all tarnished an' meanly make-a-shift as 't was) of the dark little lad. Then saith she, "What! wilt thou even such a swarth-skin with thine own children, at bed an' board? As well buy them a blackamoor brother from the Dutch ship, forsooth! I 'm thinking 't would be all of a piece." Yet my father spake in a right grave way, saying, "Nay, wife, if thou canst not see the difference betwixt a blackamoor an' such as this one, I pity thy poor sight. I see God's hand i' this matter," quoth he, "and, if the child is let alone by his own people to bide peaceably amongst us, it shall be share an' share alike. Nay, nay; my young ones shall have no slaves to their ordering, red-skinned or black, to make them saucy an' masterful. I like the look of this Simon Peter right well, for all the father of him being Jack o' the Feather. He shall have fair chance, by St. George!—for I 've a mind to play a game with nature in this business. Aye, we will see where Dame Nature endeth and breeding doth begin—and if his father cometh to claim him some day (for all 't is not likely he 'll be taking any such pains), why, we 'll e'en give the boy his choice, to go or stay, an' see how then."

"Aye, aye!" saith my mother, "we will see." Still, notwithstanding, she made no more ado that time, save to make sure of Simon Peter being shrewdly stript of his outlandish rags and cleaner-washen than e'er he 'd been in his life before, I reckon, for all he did most irefully resist the same with howling. And after that he was drest in a fair change of Francis's clothes, the while his own new ones were a-making.

So this way did it continue as my father said. And we four children, being Dickon and Francis and Simon Peter, with little poor me, that was the one girl to herself 'mongst the lads' game-some roughness—we four did grow up together as brothers an' sister; scarce anywise remembering (for all we might daily see in outside looks) the difference in blood. Nay, I will tell true an' say out—howe'er some do think it shameth nature—that I loved Simon the best

o' the three. He was the kindest and the lovindest to me, I trow; not that the other ones durst be contrariwise,—or would,—but 't was Simon that ever tarried behind with me if I fell back a-weary by hard following after the rest. Sometimes he bore me on his back 'cross the stony ground or thro' the running water—a-holding on for dear life round his neck. And when I 'd a mind to be playing with my doll Queen Bess at a brave feast, with wine in acorn cups and the like child's play-acting foolery, why, 't was ever Frank an' Dicky that mocked and would fain turn all naughtily upside down, to plague me, had not Simon so stoutly stood my part against them.

Now, as to the color of his skin (that some amongst you listening would so mislike, mayhap), I being used to it life-long, in a manner, was nowise frightened at that. For the rest, he was comely enough. His eyes, they were of a very dark blackness, but piercing keen and bright; his hair was black and straight down-hanging, and not soft to touch, tho' he would be oft a-laying his head beside me to be stroked with my two hands. Slim-shapen as a maid was he and fair-featured, like to the pictures of Princess Pocahontas herself, whom some accounted beautiful—and his hands and feet were scarce bigger than mine own. Yet, for all thus lightsomely builded, his strength was to the strength of Francis an' Dickon as steel to wood, be it never so hard wood and heavy, or a silken cord, hard twisted, to a rude hempen string. There was never a horse that could throw him after that he was big enough to sit well astride its back—not even the wildest colt of all on that land—when the lads would be riding them to water morn and even, or mayhap (for the learning of horsemanship) around i' the pasture field. Francis an' Dick had many a tumble, I promise you, but Simon never a one. At running, wrestling, and all such, who but he? Then surely, I do reckon, there was never another so wondrous quick at book-learning, so knowledgeable and cunning skillful in all ways. Nay, time would fail me to tell you the half of his ingenious devisings. Such curious things as he would oft be cutting with his knife, to be sure!—as beasts, birds, fishes, and what not,—aye! even human likenesses no less, out of slate, stone, or wood, or



maybe naught but a handful of damson seeds; and for snaring of wildwood game or catching of fish, his match was never seen.

Howsoever, despite of these advantages, and despite of general good behavior in decent Christian manner o' life, yet, crost in humor, was he still (as my mother scrupled not to say out, when by him displeased) the son o' his father and true child of lawless race. Can one be holden guilty of his birth-shame, good sooth, or cast out the blood that naturally runneth in 's veins? Nay, not so — meseemeth. Therefore it did sorely hurt me to hear my mother ever blaming Simon with all that went amiss 'twixt him and Francis. She was a good woman, Heaven rest her! and true lover of them she did love, but yet they were precious few so favored, and Simon not one amongst them. Now, with Dickon (he being of a rare sweet humor) did Simon carry it peaceably enow; but with Francis, who was heady and stubborn-tempered as Simon himself,—aye, quicker to make mad, tho' not so fierce i' the end — as for those two, they would be often at odds. And one day, when she did come upon these twain, a-fighting tooth and nail, with Francis undermost an' like to get the worst on 't, then she cried out on Simon, for a heathenish beggar's brat, who would come to hanging or shooting yet, as 't was to be hoped his father had 'fore now. 'T was a right cruel word, there 's no denying; yet was she sorely vext, for her excuse. However, he turned upon her with so tiger-fierce a look that she, stepping back, cried out, "What, snake-eye! wilt thou murther me as I stand?"

And so he looked a'most ready to do, in sooth; but up cometh my father then, who was a just man to see the rights and wrongs of such quarrels, and quoth he, "Foolish woman, wilt thou put thought o' such evil into him that 's but a passionate child? Was 't not fair fight betwixt them till thou didst stir up this? Look well to thine own willful young one, an' leave the lad to me."

So, after that time my mother was carefuller of such vexing speech; yet she liked Simon Peter no whit more in her heart.

Aye, aye; he was no gentle lamb, in truth, nor neither was our Francis for the matter o'

that — but Simon was ever kind and loving enough unto me.

But yet ye must not be thinking that this was ever the way o't with us. We'd a happy home as any, for all such quarrels now and again. There was work to be done, a plenty, on the new rugged land, and no negro slaves to tempt white folk into idly looking on the while they be driven as brute-beasts to toil an' moil. Some few had the Dutch ships fetched, e'en then, for trial, but my father would none of them. So when that the lads were grown big enough, they must needs be a-working i' the corn-fields and tobacco ground, whilst I, with my mother and the maids indoors, was learning of house matters, as becometh a proper girl. Yet we'd no stint of sports, in due season. 'T was gayly and free we were i' the summer evens, I promise you; yet the best of all came round on winter nights, when, the work being all foredone, we might sit us down by the fire so curiously a-listening to our father's talk an' tellings of former times. A many fine tales we heard then, concerning the first comers-over to Virginia, their hardships, trials, and very dreadful sufferings in every sort; and of the great Captain John Smith, that was so bold a fighter, and likewise of the most gentle Princess Pocahontas, who did risk her life for the saving of his, and was afterward, in her loving-kindness, the savior of this whole Virginia from destruction; also concerning the old politic King Powhatan, his state and majestical behavior — and I promise you that Simon would be always keenly hearkening to that. Also, my father told us about the dark time of the famine at Jamestown, when our people did, for very starving hunger, horribly eat the carcasses of such amongst them as had of hunger died; and that was what Dickon liked best of all to hear; but, for my part, I would the rather choose the wreck of the ship "Sea-Venture," that was casted away on the Bermuda Isles, a-coming to Virginia, and how one Master William Shakspeare, 'way off in England, hearing o't afterwhile, did make it into an acting play called "The Tempest" — that is oft played i' London Town to this very day.

So time passed, year after year, till our Dickon was a great lad, with Francis and Simon turned thirteen year old, and me 'most counting ten;

and then came to pass those strange, curious happenings whereof I will now relate.

Now, all this while that Simon so dwelt contentedly amongst us we did never hear aught to a certainty of Nemattanow, called Jack o' the Feather. One time, or twice, came a bruit from 'way off yonder, as how such an one had espied him here, or another there; and once somebody told it that he had been caught sight of in the great Indian town to northward, on York River, a-ruffling it with the other braves and in high favor with the king, Opechancanough. Howsoever, he troubled us not, all this so long while, and well-nigh had we forgot him, in sooth, till on a luckless day at last we 'd a pretty prick o' the memory!

Now, 't was one fair even in May-month o' the year 1622, when this turn on a sudden came to pass.

I mind me right well, as 't were but yester eve, how the sky did shine all of a rosy golden color, and the little winds did blow so softly, with smell o' May-blooms and sound o' bird-songs every which-a-way. 'T was milking-time, a bit past sundown, and all of us out nigh the cow-pen down i' the meadow. And my father and mother so leisurely looked on whilst the maids milked; yet we children did care naught how much went dairy-way so we 'd only our fill o' the syllabub and our sport with the youngling calves. And there were we, so merrily together, when who doth come walking out of the wood's edge hard by and so boldly into our very midst but an Indian man that I 'd never before set eyes on.

Now, he was of a tall stature, and fierce-appearing withal. His skin was mighty dark and weather-worn. His quiver for arrows was fashioned out of a wolf's hide, with the natural head right grisly hanging down, having a sort of wild terror i' the look o't. In his right hand he did carry a great bow, and also in the way of warlike arms a tomahawk set in 's leathern girdle. Upon his shoulders, breast, and legs, that were naked and sunburnt to blackness, were painted stripes and rings in divers colors commingled. Round his neck and wrists did hang great strings o' beads, right gaudily colored — and for all his fierce aspect he 'd earrings, like any woman, a-dangling from his ears. Atop of his head the

hair stood up bristling in a narrow ridge, after the way of a cockscorn, from brow to nape; but 't was clean shaven away on both sides; and out-topping all — being someway outlandishly stuck i' the very crown o' the ridge — was a prodigiously great and long eagle's feather.

Then all of us stopped short our doings as he drew nigh, for gazing curiously upon him. And in answer to mannerly good-even of us all, he did give, as 't were, a grunt, after the fashion of his people, belike; yet when my father saith to him then, "Sir, what is your business here this even?" he said not a word, only he stood steadfastly looking upon Simon.

So then we did all turn the same way, and behold! Simon had gone ashen-white under his natural brownness; and he stood stone-still, a-staring at that other, like, mayhap, as when one doth see on a sudden the ghost of somebody long dead, and well-nigh forgot, beck to him out o' the darkness. And whiles we all so stood, in wonder, the Indian man, pointing to his own breast, did say, in a harsh voice, "Me father, me father!" and then, pointing to Simon straight, said, "He son, he son!" Which spoken he waved his hand back that way he had come and cried in a louder voice right fiercely, saying, "Son go with father!"

Then Simon answered ne'er a word, but my father spoke up, crying, "Ha! Jack o' the Feather! I thought I had seen thy rascally face before. Darest thou set foot in these parts again? A pretty father thou art, that didst leave thy son to starve! 'T is no thanks to thee, I trow, that he is 'live an' well to-day, an' by right and might I swear he shall not go with thee, fellow, except he himself do so choose!"

Then saith he to the lad, "Simon Peter, this is in truth thy father, of whose kindness to thee thou 'st often heard tell. Wilt thou willingly go with him?"

But yet Simon was as one dumb, speaking no word; only he shook in every limb as struck by a shaking ague. And Jack o' the Feather, seeing that, saith unto him a few words, right low, — i' the Indian tongue, I reckon, for they were such as none among us sensed the meaning of. Now 't was little of that speech that Simon did by this while remember, save a word o't here an' there, half lost in 's mind. Howsoever, when

that he did hear it now spoken, he looked in a wild way, as when one heareth in dreams a very strange back-drawing voice of witchery that he may scarce resist but is yet death-frighted to follow. In faith, I was like to cry out loud that moment—for I did think by the look o' his eyes then that he was going sure enow. Nevertheless was there no need for such fear, for he on a sudden put his two hands over his face and cried out with a loud voice, "No! no! no! I will not go with thee!"

Now, that hearing, the Indian looked a very black, murtherous look, and laid hand on his tomahawk, but my father, stepping quick afore the lad, saith unto him, "Begone!" in such voice as e'en Jack o' the Feather dare not brook, I ween. Go he did, of a truth, an' that straight-way, yet stept he slow and proudly, as in very vexing scorn; and at the wood's edge he turned him round and waved his bow in threatening way, as half in mind to shoot. Howbeit, that he did not, but passed into the dark forest, and we saw him no more. And, I promise you, e'en my mother did carry it right lovingly to Simon that night.

Now the chance that did befall Jack o' the Feather that same even, aye, within the very same hour, was none of our fault, thank Heaven! yet truly scarce more than his fair desert and no just cause of grieving to anybody. 'T was as he was making so hardily, and in a swaggering manner o' boldness, along the open highway, that whom doth he meet, face to face, but Master Thomas Godkyn! Small wonder (as was commonly said by all) that Master Godkyn waxed right mad at that sight. Be that as may, he was ever a passionate man, besides that time somewhat in liquor, no less, an' there passed sharp words betwixt 'em on that old matter o' the maimed bull. 'T was Jack o' the Feather that struck first blow (as Master Godkyn did after-time solemnly swear) and 't was Master Godkyn that slew him in the fight that so followed. And all the neighbors said 't was no harm, but the rather a safe riddance o' mischief. As to the manner of that fight, I do remember it well, having oft with mine own ears heard him, our neighbor, relate the same. A shrewd tussle it was, he did use to say, an' betwixt two that were o'erwell matched to make one the easy master;

and so a-saying would he shake head right soberly thereupon, at mere after calling o't to mind. 'T was the red man that struck first blow, as I said afore. "Mayhap the gallows will be high enow, Sir Jack, for even your top notions," quoth Master Godkyn, and, hearing this spoken, lo! that other gave a very brutish, fierce cry, and flinging behind him his great bow (which same was no ready weapon in such sudden encounter), he made at Master Godkyn with his tomahawk. Howsoever, that stroke, for all it did start the blood (and that from no mere skin-scratch, neither), fell somewhat short, belike,—and e'en whilst he raised the murtherous thing aloft for another down-come, why, then did Master Godkyn with a swift cunning dash o' the fist, that he had learnt long ago when a young sporting lad in England, strike it clean out of his hand. So there was Jack o' the Feather fairly disarmed; but yet, in sooth, the worst o't was still to come for Master Godkyn; for when he would essay to draw his good knife from his belt, why, what doth that savage but clip him on a sudden in 's arms as who would then and there squeeze very heart and life out of his body. He was a strong proper man as the most, was Master Godkyn, and stoutly builded, to give blow or withstand, but a many a time have I heard him say how on the first amaze of this besetment he was but as little chick in the coil of a black whip-snake. Truly this weakness did in a moment pass—for the fear of a sudden death maketh strong—and even as Master Godkyn did feel his breath going from him he made shift to catch it again. Whereupon 'gan the struggle in good earnest. For that Indian, his arms were as iron hard, and cruel strong, and his ribs were as brass; yet was the white man he had thus laid hold on, not one to stand still an' be crushed in any such devil's-trap. There they had it, for sure, this way, that, an' t' other, — a-straining and a-tugging for dear life 'gainst foul death. 'T was a right curious turn o' the mind (so Master Godkyn said afterward), and such as the like of had ne'er before come unto him, but 't was sure-enough truth, no less, that he did remember and see plain, 'fore his senses in a moment, nay, in the twinkling of an eye, that time, all things he had ever done and said of good or ill, life-long. Also it came to him in a sharp, raging way, as 't were a dagger struck through

the heart, how many perils he had 'scapen, by land and sea, to fall now, mayhap, by such base means at last. So ran this thought within him, lightning-quick and furious: What! was 't for this he did over-live the sweating-sickness in London Town, and the fight with pirates a-coming 'cross the ocean (wherein so many bold fellows were bloodily cut down), and the wreck of the "Sea-Venture" (for he was one o' that company), an' all the starving-time at Jamestown — with many other notable dangers, past mention — to die not Christianly in his bed at last, but in sudden unbeknown fight with a red Indian knave, and he not even accounted anybody 'mongst his own people. Then that was a bitter-black thought, forsooth, but yet, maybe, the saving o' his life, no less; for e'en in the swift passing rage thereof, he be-thought him of a wrestling trick well-nigh forgot in 's mind that might avail him at this pinch. Now, by this trick it was that he tripped up and over-threw his adversary, who, falling right heavily undermost upon the stony highway, did perforce somewhat loosen that fell grip; and so it came to pass that Master Godkyn did make out at last to draw his knife, and then, as Jack o' the Feather started up again (like any fierce beast that 's brought to its last bay), why, then

did Master Godkyn, for defending of his own life, stab him to the very heart so that he fell back an' died.

So that was the end of that encounter. And all the neighbors said 't was no harm, but the rather a safe riddance o' mischief. And the dead



"SOMETIMES HE BORE ME ON HIS BACK THRO' THE RUNNING WATER."

body was given o'er to two of his kin, who did hap to come a-seeking him, and bore it back with them that way they came—nor did any man at that time call Master Godkyn to account for the same; only it seemeth to me always a fearsome thing to have man's blood on one's

hands; neither was I anywise astonished at Simon's taking of the news when my father told it him. Was 't not his natural born father, in sooth, flesh o' his flesh, blood o' his blood—despite of opposing misbehavior? So it seemed as naught strange to me, as to the rest, that he hid himself away from sight of all, that day of hearing it, and for many days afterward had few words to speak to anybody.

Well, well! a right wonderful thing is nature, truly, and it taketh its own way despite of law and gospel and all contrary custom. Now, whether 't was the killing o' his father at that time, or whether the natural turn o' his mind to work darksome upon itself, that did bring round such change in Simon, God knoweth! but a change there was, for certain. He had ne'er been given to chatter overmuch, but 't was fairly as one tongue-tied he did now appear. As for the daily tasks, them did he do as aforetime, only in a sullen and grievous way, like to any driven slave; yet he sported no more at all, the rather choosing that time to himself for lonesomely walking abroad or brooding in some corner apart. Alackaday! The poor lad! my heart doth ache for him now. 'T was a strange case to be so situate betwixt one's natural race and kindred and such as were bounden enemies (and that past control of will) 'gainst them and theirs forever. Aye, aye; for all I was but a child then, and too little to sense aright the ins and outs thereof, it hath come to me since, I trow; an' small wonder 't is that the blackness of his eyes i' those days was as night without moon or star.

Now, as to his own Indian race and nation, he had ne'er aforetime been curious in asking of questions, for all ever keenly a-listening to aught about them spoken. Neither did he inquire anything by word of mouth in these days whereof I tell, only he would be now always secretly spelling o'er in my father's books what was there writ down concerning the same, by Captain John Smith and others. Also many 's the time I did see him pick up an Indian arrow-head from the ground (for there were many thereabout scattered) and so stand gazing upon it, goodness knoweth how long by the clock! as thinking strange thoughts inside of him, mayhap, and clean forgetting all else in this world.

Also, would he oft be walking solitarily and spying 'mongst some two or three ancient ruined wigwams left long empty i' the wood hard by; yet, I promise you, if our lads durst ever anywise plague him concerning this so strange behavior he was as tow to fire. So it passed, day in and out, weeks and months one after t' other, till the summer season o' that year was gone and autumn did come round.

Now, concerning the very dreadful thing that then befell in Virginia, 't was even as a thunderbolt out of a fair even sky, with not the merest little small cloud for a warning aforetime. Nay, whoever would in reason have foredreamt it or supposed it as anywise possible, e'en of that most subtle, secret, and murderous Indian people, after so long peace and friendly commingling together! Surely never in this world was so cruel and barbarous assault so unprovoked; for as to the killing of Jack o' the Feather, which same mishap, 't was afterward told, had been made a handle of by the King Opechancanough in stirring up of wrath 'gainst the English—as to that, but little store did the red people truly set by him, I do reckon, nor was any white man but the one (being Master Godkyn himself) concerned in that business. Neither could those Indians anywise justly complain how the whites had them in a manner dispossessed, seeing that themselves had willingly consented thereto. Was 't they, or their forefathers, that did 'stablish boundaries, dig foundations, or make any proper decent settlements? Nay, not so; nor doth he set overmuch value on God's earth, I 'm thinking, who will sell the same to first-comer for a string o' beads or gaudy garment. A full ten year and more had peace continued, with kindness and good neighboring on both sides. And many of the Indians had removed 'way off to northward into the great woods on York River, but yet a many more were still tarrying amongst us, aye, not a few in fair houses builded for them, English fashion, by the settlers. Moreover, not a few, again, had been taken in, even as Simon, by the whites as children or dear favored servants; and thus, lo and behold! did it come to pass that these vipers for the most part, being warmed and filled, did in very natural poisonous malice strike the hand that fed them, or the rather as under-sappers and miners of the walls



that sheltered them, seek to fetch all down—e'en tho' to their own crushing destruction—by the fell blow of this bloody vengeance. So was the foul plot laid in secret for that massacre, the dreadfulest thing that did ever hap in all Virginia, and such as I pray God will never be again—and of it, as I said before, was no littlest warning given. There be sometimes signs an' signals in nature foretelling such calamity, as have oftentimes been proven. Yea, a-many a one have I myself taken note of for lesser trouble than that. Howsoever, for all our dairy-wench, Dolly Shaw, would be telling afterward about a death-watch ticking in her ear nine nights a-running, and a bloody red sunrise on the Friday morn next afore that woful Christmas day—why, it was all too late, as my mother said, for any such talk then.

And it came to pass, one even in December month, that I did follow Simon on one of his lonesome goings unto those old crumbling wigwams i' the woods, whereof I have told. 'Twas little note he had taken of me an' my plays for many a long day, sure enough, but I was a-wearying of mine own company that time, with Francis an' Dick gone a-hunting and my mother and all the maids too busy o'er house matters to speak me even a word. So running after Simon (afar off, yet ever keeping him in sight) I did go along into the dark, thick forest; yet when he reached that place I hardly durst fetch up unto him, but stopped and hid me behind a little cedar bush hard by the path to screw up my courage. And behold! whiles I was standing there a-peeping thro', what did I see but a very tall and fierce-appearing Indian man come out o' the highest wigwam and fall a-talking with Simon.

So there stood they, face to face; and there stood I—a-looking frightedly—most ready to run back that way I 'd come, only I durst not, any more than go on. Ne'er a word that they said could I hear, but I saw that the tall Indian spake as 't were earnestly, and with right fierce, uncouth gestures did enforce the same. Also I saw that, at the first of it, Simon did shake head an' turn away—as who mayhap doth say, "No, no, no!" to somewhat or other and will scarce hearken thereto. Whereupon the man, waxing still more vehement, stamped upon the ground

and pointed fiercely with 's long cruel-shapen fingers, this way, that, an' t' other—till presently I, making sure that he pointed once straight at me, fell down for very terror where I stood. So I lay a-quaking. And after a while (goodness knoweth how long! but it did seem monstrous long to me) came Simon himself, a-running back,—yet heavily and stumbling as one half-blind,—and so espied me there.

Then he stood as one amazed, looking first at me, then back o'er his shoulder fearsomely; but I perceived that the strange Indian had turned away, making off swiftly into the wood. And Simon cried out to me, "Gillian! Gillian! didst thou hear what he said? Didst hear?" And I said truly, nay; but that I saw the man. Whereupon I fell a-crying for very fear of I knew not what. And I said, "Oh, Simon! what hast thou to do with the dreadful dark man? Oh, prythee take me home, Simon, lest he should come again!" For truly I was frighted 'most to death at the very thought o' that, and I held him tight, a-weeping. But he cried out loud, vehemently, "No! no! he will not come. He shall not hurt thee! He shall not! he shall not! They shall ne'er hurt thee in this world, my little sister Gillian!"

So with that he comforted me, saying those same words o'er and o'er again, "Gillian! Gillian! my little sister, Gillian!" And so drying my tears right kindly, as my brother might, he did carry me home (when that I had ceased to weep) afore him in his arms. But he straightly charged me to tell nobody that which I had seen; and I, knowing naught of the harm thereof, did promise to keep it secret.

Now, that was nigh a week before Christmas, which same was the secretly appointed time. Never before had his mood been so black, I trow, e'en at worst. 'Twas as if an ill disease had him fast, for truly the flesh wasted off his bones from one day to next, and scarce a morsel of victual would he be eating. I do think that e'en my mother had more pitied than blamed him that while, but for his darksome scowls and downcast shunning o' the looks of us all. But as it was, in sooth, she cried, "He surely hath a devil! Alackaday!" quoth she, "that such an one, so posset in evil, did ever come into this house!" Aye, even my father

turned 'gainst him then, for saith he, "Is this how he doth repay my kindness to him, life-long! 'Tis an ill-conditioned lad," quoth he, "an' my wife hath been wiser than I, all along, in this matter. Let none either chide or coax, but all leave him alone in his foul sulking humor till I find place for him elsewhere than in my house."

So by that command did all abide. In sooth, I do reckon, I was the only one of all i' the house that did anyway yearn to the contrary. But I durst not bespeak Simon a word, and thus was he left to his own thoughts an' devices till the very day came round.

I mind well that Christmas eve, an' for the matter o' that there be few a-living in this Virginia, from then till now, who have forgot the same, I do reck. Such a baking and brewing, such roasting and boiling, such a garnishing an' making ready for next day's feast, as there was with us, to be sure! for howsoever times might pinch in common, my father and mother needs must be making shift to keep Christmas holiday i' the good old English fashion of their young days. I mind how we had a brave pasty that day for dinner, in foretaste o' the morrow, and when we sat down at table, at about one o' the clock, all were there a'ready to eat but Simon. Whereupon my father saith, "Where is Master Doleful Dumps, I pray?" And my mother cried, "Dear heart, I do neither know nor care!" But Dolly Shaw, who stood behind her chair, spake up, saying, "He is in the top loft o' the house, where he hath e'en been well-nigh all day, a-sulking." Then Dickon would be asking (for he had e'er a rare sweet humor, had our Dick), "Shall I run tell him o' the pasty?" Howsoever, the master made answer, No. "Let him wait till he be hungry," quoth he, "for I warrant empty stomach needs no coaxing. He will be high in place tho' low in spirit, it doth seem. Fetch him not down."

So then all did go on to eat without more ado; but, for mine own part, the victual seemed to go against me that day.

Now, when that the meal was o'er, some went one way, some another, about their several matters; yet I could do naught in pleasure for thinking of Simon, 'way up yonder, so lonesome and without cheer. In faith, I was always a loving

little lass, an' tender-true, to them that had showed me kindness; nor could I then deck my doll in holiday fashion, nor look on at the maids i' the kitchen, nor sport with my tame deer, nor anyway content me with this trouble on my mind. Wherefore, as hour after hour did pass, I bethought me how thirsty he must be by that time. 'T was not of hunger I would be thinking, for truly he seemed to have forgot the feel o' that in those days; but all must surely drink to live. 'T was a green Christmas, that (and such as old folk say maketh a fat graveyard), and mighty warm for the season; and I had noted well, at time of breakfast that morn, how Simon, eating no single mouthful, drank scarce one cup o' milk. Moreover, I also bethought me how folk would oft be talking of peace an' good will at Christmas-tide, even as the Bible telleth that angels sang unto those shepherds a-listening on the hill-top; yet, in sooth, that saying did then appear but an idle mock to me, and no peace in mine heart at all, with Simon left out a-cold. And so I said within myself, "'T is surely no harm nor naughty disobedience, nor will my father 'count it any such, if I carry him a drink." Then I took from the mantelshelf mine own silver cup, that my grandmother Griffin had sent unto me for a christening gift, all the way from England, and fetched it brimming full o' fresh fair water from the spring, unseen by anybody. And I went with it in my two hands so softly (for fear of spilling) up the big stair an' the little steep stair into the great loft room.

Now, 't was the first time that I did ever go alone, of mine own accord, into that room, for it had ever seemed to me a strange and awesome place, mayhap resembling some such as we hear tell of in old enchanted houses or the like. Not that our house had been builded long, or was aught like a grand big castle. Nay! But in this top room that spread all o'er the bigness o't, it was ever half dark as twilight, having only one little small window for the whole, and the great beams o' the roof so heavily sloping down, with cobwebs hanging therefrom. Then a-many strange things were there stored away for safe-keeping that no place might be found for i' the house below, such as the skins of divers beasts, tanned with the fur on,



"THERE THEY HAD IT, FOR SURE, THIS WAY, THAT, AN' T' OTHER."

as they had been killed from time to time, and hanged up for some-day use; or weapons of warfare, as swords, pikes, bludgeons, and so on, laid by 'gainst troublous times. Also, was there a great bedstead that my mother would be keeping for the fitting of a guest-chamber after-while, with the tall carven posts bewrapt in white linen an' looking like any four ghosts i' their shrouds; with ancient storage-chests, broken tables, chairs, and what not of relics from the Old World, mingled together disorderly with trophies of the New.

Now, at first I saw nothing at all of Simon, and 'gan to think he was there no longer, when presently I did espy him. There was he, sure enough, in a far dim corner, a-sitting dolefully, as 't were, all huddled up on one o' the big chests. Only, his face and hands I could not see, for they were hid in a wolfskin there hanging from a beam o'erhead, even as a child doth cling and hide face in his mother's skirt, mayhap — as I bethought me then and afterward. So I waited a little space, but yet he did not look up nor stir; and then I went softly 'cross the floor, till being come nigh I did hold up the cup an' say, "Simon, I have fetched thee a drink!" Then he let go of the wolfskin and looked up, a-shuddering all o'er his body and appearing, mayhap, like one on a sudden half waken from a very dark, horrid dream, whereby he is still holden an' distrest, not knowing false from true. Yet never a word he spake; only stared so strangely at me as I stood. Whereupon I said again,—for all a bit quaking at the woful blackness o' his gaze,—“Art thou not thirsty, Simon? Dost thou not know 't is Christmas-tide? An' wilt thou not drink this fair water in mine own silver cup — for peace an' good will?”

Still he looked at me in a wild way, and all round the room, shaking like as if I had struck him with those words. Yet did he not take the water; and all o' the instant, e'en as I so stood reaching it out unto him — lo! he gave a very dreadful sharp cry, like somewhat had broke within him, and flung him face down on the floor betwixt us.

Now, at that I stood frightened and trembling, till the water was spilled and the cup nigh fell from my hand. And naught durst I say, or could, but “Simon! Simon!” o'er and o'er again.

And to that he made no answer, only so a-lying i' the dust did strike on the floor with his hand — most dreadfully a-weeping and moaning, for some space; till presently he, looking up, said unto me, “Call the master!”

Then I went down, as fast as I might for legs a-trembling underneath me, and called my father, who did come up hastily and wondering at that summons. Also my mother came a-running behind, and the maids from their cookery, and the lads from cleaning of their guns i' the hall — all in haste and amazedly to see what was toward now. And when my father was come into the room (for those others did but listen on the stair) there was Simon, a-standing straight up, yet shaking as who doth face death.

Then, 'fore ever my father might ask e'en, How 's this? he cried out loud, saying, “There is yet time! There is yet time! Strike me dead when I have told it,” crieth he, “but listen to me first!” Then saith he on, “They have whetted their knives. They have sharpened their tomahawks — for blood, blood, blood, this night! Opechancanough, the king, hath planned it — all the red men have sworn together. This night by darkfall will the killing begin all o'er Virginia — the killing o' the white people!”

And he, throwing himself down on 's knees afore my father, said in a wild way, “Master! Master! They did promise me not to slay thee, or Gillian, or Dick. I did vow at first to tell, 'less they promised me that. Yet have I seen it 'fore mine eyes, day an' night — the blood and the killing — and the crying was in mine ears. Then Gillian came with the water — and now I prythee strike me dead, for I am false to both sides! I am neither white nor red — an' not anyway worth to live!”

Now, that hearing, my mother and the maids cried out for fear, “God ha' mercy! What will become of us!” and there came a whiteness even o'er my father's face, for 't was a fearful thing to think of, an' the sun nigh going down — as from the little window we might see. Howsoever, he laid not his hand on the lad, but, after that he had bidden the woman take heart o' grace, he said unto him, “Up, boy, an' get thee down with me. Thou hast been bad enow, God knoweth; — but 't is our part to save, an' not to kill, this night. I

will give thee chance a plenty, by St. George! to prove thee yet worthy living."

'T was well we hâd good horses and strong — aye, an' well-fed — in our stable, for 't was both fast and far they needs must go that even. Good twenty miles were we from Jamestown, as the crow flieth; eighteen miles the way lay to Wyanoke on one hand, nineteen or so was it to Falling Creek on t' other — through wood and swamp, with scarce road or track at all. As for my father, he must needs stay for our defense at home; but on the three fleetest horses the three lads did go to warn and save such as might be. I mind how my mother wept over an' kissed Francis and Dickon as 't were death-parting to see them go — and sooth, poor soul! I reckon she guessed full well how 't would be with them both, if they made not good speed ere sundown. But unto Simon 't was only my father that said good-bye, when he started the Jamestown way, on wild Blackamoor a-riding. "Now, if thou wouldst show human good inside thee," saith he, "I charge thee ride thy best." And Simon's face was as any stone set when he heard that word and started forth.

Well, well! 't is over an' done, bless Heaven! this many a year ago, and may we never see the like of such a Christmas e'er again in Virginia, I do pray! Good speed the three lads made in their several ways. 'T was Simon that did first win to the end o' his, for all it was the longest. So was Jamestown saved, and so likewise did those two other settlements 'scape from fire and bloody slaughter. I promise you, those murderous yelling knaves that came 'gainst our house that night did find my father ready with warmer welcome than they looked for. Yet alas and alas for them who had no such a warning as ours! and alas for all Virginia that bitter, cruel night! Right bloodily the white people wrought vengeance for 't in aftertime. Aye, aye; 't was said they did hunt the Indians like wild beasts, in some parts, with bloodhounds

fetcht o'er from England a purpose for the business; yet it brought not the dead ones to life again, so killed in sudden horrid massacre. At Warrasqueake, an' Flower de Hundred, and Martin's Brandon, and Westover — nay, where not elsewhere, i' faith, save the three places that our three lads did save! All o'er the land, to tell truth, was foul murther done; with hundreds o' dead corpses that were live and warm at sundown left a-cold ere daybreak, and that unhumanly hacked to bits in a manner not befitting civil ears to hear tell of. I trow the Christmas viands were but funeral meats that woful time, an' Christmas hymns of cheer all turned to dirges. Yea, lads an' lasses here a-listening, ye may e'en thank God on bended knees this night for that these days be not like them ago!

Now as to Totapotamoi, or Simon Peter, as we always called him, we never saw that lad more, nor heard to any certainty what did become o' him. My father found the horse Blackamoor safe enough in James City next morn, but 'mongst all the townsfolk none might know how it had gone with the rider when his message was told. And whether he slew himself in dark despairing mood; or was slain by the Indians in wrath for his betrayal of their wickedness; or whether he doth still live with them, his natural kin and race, in the great woods behind the mountains (as was long aftertime rumored credibly to be the way o't), God knoweth, not I; but it hath always pleased me to think him still a-living, an' that some day 'fore I died I might set eyes on him again.

'T was many a long day ere my heart would give o'er aching at the thought o' him, for all the folk would oft be a-telling me that time and after, with tears and kisses, that when God himself did put into my head to fetch the Indian lad that water in my silver cup, 't was even (in the saving o' precious lives) as the Bible saith concerning them that so a-doing will not lose their goodly reward.



## THE STORY OF THE ICEBERG.



*" Out from the dark, mysterious North,  
With all its glamour, every night  
Tingling with unforbidden dreams,  
And every day flood-full of light."*

## THE STORY OF THE ICEBERG.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

How weary the ice-river grew  
In those dark months of winter night,  
And, poised upon his lofty cliff,  
Longed, longed, for other worlds and flight.

What use was all his mighty mold,  
With none to wonder and admire  
The light and color that he held,  
The moonstone gleam, the opal fire!

In vain the mother glacier showed  
Pale altars answering with cold rites  
The flashes of eternal stars,  
The lances of the northern lights;

A band of sunbeams came that way,  
Tempted, and touched, and lured him  
on,—  
Wild dreams of suns and southern skies,—  
A wrench, a plunge, and he was gone.

With swift embrace the billows swelled  
To meet him, leaping twice and thrice  
In thunder, ere they led him forth,  
King of a world of floating ice.

Down, down, by viewless currents drawn,  
His huge mass underneath the sea,  
His lofty tops enskyed, he moved  
Like some vast fleet in majesty,—

Out from the dark, mysterious North,  
With all its glamour, every night  
Tingling with unforgotten dreams,  
And every day flood-full of light.

The white bear slumbered in his caves;  
The sunbeams played about his tips;  
Down, down he bore to summer seas  
And crashed his way through sinking ships.

And drowning sailors saw on high  
Those icy walls where surges tossed,  
Descended out of heaven, a pile  
Of jeweled splendor fired in frost.

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Lapis and turquois pierced with light  
To sapphire, emerald hollows paled  
To beryl, topaz burning clear  
In flames of chrysolite, he sailed.

Down, down to equatorial seas  
Still slowly drifting,—ah, how sweet  
These soft caresses of the tide  
Far in the depths about his feet!

How tenderly this morning gleam  
Saluted all his shining spires,  
That far away the voyager saw  
Tipped with the blaze of ruby fires!

How ardently through warm south winds  
The stresses of the noontide beat,  
Till brooks burst forth far up his sides,  
Dissolving in a fervent heat.

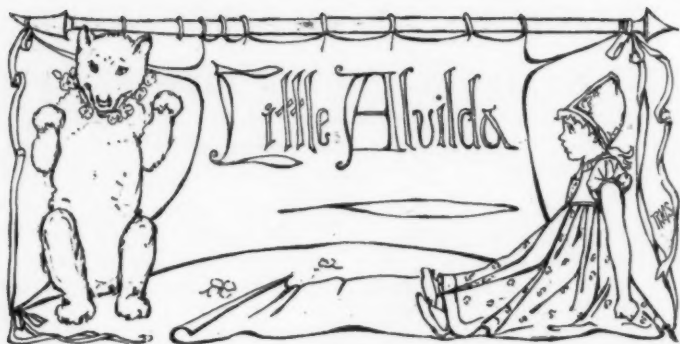
Now plumed with streaming smoke he went,  
Now but a cloud of amethyst,  
The ghost of glory, weird and white,  
Now wrapt within a world of mist.

The sweet and treacherous currents still  
Around his weakening bases whirled,  
The great throat of the hurricane  
Tremendous blasts against him hurled.

Into blue air he crept; and now  
Those sunbeams armed with javelins  
swarmed,  
A hostile legion, fierce and fain,  
And all his awful beauty stormed.

Ah, for that dim dark home once more,  
Those lances of the northern lights!  
Then his tops bent them to their fall,  
The wide seas rose and drowned his heights.

And, but a hulk of crumbling ice,  
Within the deep he found his grave,  
Stranded upon a hidden key,  
And washed to nothing by a wave.



(A Norse Tale Freely Retold.)\*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



HERE was once a clergyman who lived somewhere in the interior mountain valleys of Norway. He had five children, all of whom were dear to him; but there was one among them who was nearer to his heart than all the rest; and that was a little girl, five years old, named Alvilda. It

may have been because she was the youngest of the five; and the youngest, especially if it is a girl, is always likely to be the father's pet; or it may have been because she was a very sweet and lovable child who drew all hearts toward her as the sun draws the flowers. When her mother took her to church on Sunday morning, she slipped like a sunbeam among the somber congregation, and all faces brightened and a softer look stole into the eyes of old and young, when she passed by. In her quaint little poke-bonnet and her old-fashioned gown, and with her chubby little hands folded over her mother's hymn-book, she did, indeed, look so bewitching that it seemed a hardship not to stop and kiss her. "Bless the child,"

said the matrons, with heartfelt unction, when her bright smile beamed upon them. "Bless her dear little heart," ejaculated the young girls admiringly, as they knelt down in the road to pat Alvilda, to kiss her, or only to touch her in passing.

When Alvilda's fifth birthday came it happened to be right in the middle of the berry season; and it was determined to celebrate it by a berrying party to which a dozen children of the neighborhood were invited. Fritz, Alvilda's fourteen-year-old brother, whom she abjectly admired, magnanimously undertook the duty of sending out the invitations; and he consulted his own sovereign fancy in inviting those whom he liked and leaving out those who had had the misfortune to incur his displeasure. It was found when all the children gathered in front of the parsonage, about nine o'clock in the morning, that it was indeed Fritz's party rather than Alvilda's. But Alvilda, who always thought that whatever Fritz did was well done, was perfectly content. She liked big boys, she said, because they were not half the trouble that little girls were. First, there was her brother Charles, twelve years old, who was the proud possessor of a drum which had been presented to him at Christmas; the judge's Albert, thirteen years old, who was, to be sure, a great tease, and

\* This story, or rather the principal incident in it, I heard as a child, and have an impression that it is found in one of the Norwegian school-readers. I do not remember who is its author, if I ever knew; but it is known to every Norwegian child, and is a kind of classic of the Norse nursery.

H. H. B.

inclined to run off with Fritz on all sorts of mysterious errands; and there was the lawyer's Frederick, who never spoke to girls in public for fear of being thought frivolous. Of girls there were but two: Sophy, Alvilda's fifteen-year-old sister, who was almost grown up, and carried a novel in her pocket which she read at odd moments in the garden, in the kitchen, and, most of all, in the woods; and Albert's sister, Ingeborg, who had so many delightful secrets which she would never share with anybody except her bosom friend Sophy.

Fritz, who had provided himself with a tin trumpet, marshaled his forces in the yard, and, having arranged them in rank and file like soldiers, gave the command, "Forward, march!"

The girls followed as best they could; the two elder ones leading Alvilda by the hand between them. The father, who was reluctant to send her into the woods, fearing that she might become overtired, charged them not to leave her for a moment, and to see that she had an opportunity to rest whenever she wished, all of which Sophy and Ingeborg promised.

The weather was glorious: the sun was just warm enough to be agreeable, and the light clouds which sailed over the blue vault of the sky seemed to be having a happy time of it. The woods which grew in the rugged glens on the slope of the mountain were filled with the fragrance of birch and pine and lilies of the valley; and the brooks, swollen by the melting ice of the glaciers, danced gayly down through the ravines, with a constant, gurgling rush which fell pleasantly upon the ear.

When the boys left the highway for the mountain-paths, they broke ranks, and each scrambled up over the rocks as best he could. It was in vain that Fritz blew his trumpet and Charles beat his drum. To climb the great moss-grown rocks was too inviting; and to stand on the top of them and shout against the mountain wall, which gave such a splendid echo, was a delight which made the heart leap in one's bosom. Fritz himself was not proof against such temptations, and finding his commands ignored, he gracefully surrendered his dignity and joined with a will in the sports of the rest. There were squirrels to be stoned,—not a very nice sport, I admit,—and later Fritz was ashamed of having

engaged in it. But there was much of the savage about him when he found himself in the woods, and he made it a point to act out the character and suppress whatever gentle emotions may have stirred in his bosom. Happily, the squirrels were too nimble and alert for the boys, and sat chattering at them from the upper branches of the pines, where the stones, if they reached at all, went wildly amiss. They then found a toad, and would, I fear, have pitched it heavenward from the end of a board, if the girls with Alvilda had not caught up with them; and the latter, in consideration of its being her birthday, was gallantly permitted to save the condemned miscreant. For these boys, whoever and whatever they were, were never themselves. They were by turns robbers, pirates, medieval knights, Norse vikings, everything under the sun they could think of, except nice, respectable country boys,—sons, respectively, of a lawyer, a judge, and a clergyman. A toad, in their hands, became a captured merchant, or an enchanted princess, or a thief condemned to death, as the case might be. But it never by any possibility remained a toad.

When they had climbed for an hour, Alvilda began to grow tired; and Fritz, seeing that there was no likelihood of reaching the enchanted territory he had in view, without carrying her, undertook with the aid of his comrades to make a litter of soft pine branches which was quite comfortable to repose upon. The boys then took turns carrying Alvilda, addressing her all the while as the Princess Kunigunde, who was betrothed to the King of Andalusia, and was now being borne by her faithful knights to meet her royal adorer. Alvilda laughed heartily at their absurd deferential speeches; and her clear voice rang through the woods, startling now a covey of partridges which broke with a frightened hum through the underbrush, now a hare which scooted away with long leaps over the heather, now a wild duck which, with a great flapping of wings, darted away in a straight line over the water, leaving its young in the lurch among the sedges. But, although she found it ridiculous, Alvilda enjoyed immensely being a princess and having her devoted knights kiss her hand and bend their knees when they spoke to her.

It was about eleven o'clock when the party

reached Fritz's berrying-grounds, which he had discovered a few days ago, when on an expedition with Albert in search of adventures. It was just then toward the end of the strawberry season and the beginning of the blueberry season. The sweet wild strawberry, than which there is nothing more delicious under the sun, betrayed itself by its fragrance under the heather, and when the boys found an open patch, about the roots of a tree, where the berries grew in big bunches, they shouted aloud and danced an Indian war-dance from excess of joy, before beginning to fill their mouths, their pails, and their baskets. Fritz and Albert, who were the champion pickers, had soon filled the tin pails they had brought with them, and set to work with great dispatch to make baskets of birch-bark wherewith to carry off their surplus. There were the great blueberry fields still to be ravaged; and it seemed a pity not to pick some of the fragrant sweet-brier, and lilies of the valley that grew so abundantly among the birches and alders. Sophy and Ingeborg went into ecstasy over the nodding clusters of pretty, bell-shaped flowers which, in Norway, grow wild in the woods, and they picked their aprons full, again and again, emptying them into one of Fritz's birch-bark baskets. Of sweet-brier, too, and the delicate little wood-stars there was no lack; and in the open glades they found some belated violets with a shy little ghost of a fragrance that stole into one's nostrils as a kind thought steals into the heart.

Fritz and his manly comrades protested, of course, against this "tomfoolery" with the flowers; but as some indulgence must be granted to the foibles of girls, they consented to assist in the undignified task. A big heap of variegated color—pink, white, blue, and green—was piled up under a large, wide-spreading pine, where Alvilda sat, like a fairy queen, glorying in her perishable treasures. It was then Fritz lost his patience, and demanded to know whether it was not time now to stop this nonsense and go in quest of something worth wearying one's limbs for. As he had brought fishing tackle and bait, he would propose a little fishing expedition on a tarn, close by, and if the girls did n't care to accompany him, he would go alone with his trusty friends,

Robin Hood and the Gray Friar, and catch enough to provide luncheon for the whole army. This proposition was too tempting to be resisted, and presently all the boys scampered away through the underbrush, leaving the three girls under the pine tree. Sophy spread a shawl upon the ground for Alvilda to lie down upon; and herself drew a favorite novel from her pocket, which she discussed in whispers with Ingeborg. There were, indeed, the most delicious things in this book: dreadful, black-hearted villains, with black mustaches, who prowled about in all sorts of disguises and lay in wait for unsuspecting innocence; splendid, high-spirited heroes, with blonde mustaches and nodding white plumes on their helmets, who rescued guileless innocence from the wiles of the villains, and subsequently married it—and no end of delightful things besides. Sophy soon lost all thought of her sister during this absorbing discussion, and Alvilda, finding herself neglected, pouted a little and dozed away into a sweet sleep.

In the mean while the boys were having great fun down on the tarn; and being seized with a ravenous appetite as their usual hour for luncheon passed, they resolved to have a little impromptu feast all by themselves before returning to the girls. They had caught a dozen fine trout and no end of perch, and their mouths watered to test the flavor of the former on the spot. They accordingly built an improvised stove of flat stones, made a fire in it, split the fish, and broiled them over the fire.

The trout in particular proved to have a superb flavor, and Fritz, as a generous and magnanimous freebooter, was dispensing the hospitality of the woods with a royal hand. He forgot all about his dear little sister in whose honor he was feasting, and he forgot, too, that he had promised to return in half an hour with his catch of fish. Sophy and Ingeborg, having exhausted the delights of the novel, began to grow hungry, and when an hour had passed, they became impatient and, at last, angry. They could hear the boys' shouts of laughter in the distance, and they began to suspect that the boys were lunching without them. Now and then the blare of Fritz's trumpet was vaguely audible, and the rumble of Charles's drum.

"I really think, Ingeborg," said Sophy, "that



those wretched boys have forgotten all about us."

"I never could understand why boys were created," observed Ingeborg.

"Well, anyway, I am hungry," ejaculated Sophy.

"And I am ravenous!—that is, I am not averse to something to eat," echoed her friend.

"Suppose we go and find those graceless scamps," suggested Sophy.

"Very well; but what shall we do with Alvilda?"

Alvilda,—to be sure,—what were they to do with her? Sophy felt a little pang of guilt as her eyes fell upon the sweet, chubby face of her sleeping sister.

"She is sleeping so soundly. It would be a pity to waken her," she remarked doubtfully. "What do you say?"

"Why, nothing can happen to her here," said Ingeborg; "we shall only be gone fifteen minutes, you know, and then we shall be back with the boys."

"But suppose there were bears about here; then it might be dangerous to leave her!"

"Yes, and suppose there were lions—and—crocodiles," laughed Ingeborg.

This sally disposed of Sophy's scruples; and having thrown a jacket over Alvilda's feet and kissed her on the cheek, she flung one arm about her friend's waist and wandered away with her in the direction from which the boys' laughter was heard. It was not difficult to find those young gentlemen, for they were engaged in a lively wrangle as to which was the rightful possessor of the surplus quantity of fish which they could not devour. Fritz maintained that he, as the chieftain, had a just claim to the proceeds of the labor of his vassals and slaves, and the vassals and slaves loudly rebelled and declared that they would never submit to such injustice; whereupon the chieftain magnanimously declared that he would renounce his rights and surrender the booty to be divided by lot among his men-at-arms. It was at this interesting point that the girls appeared upon the scene, and the gallant freebooters dropped their quarrel and undertook, somewhat shamefacedly, to wait upon their fair guests. And as the fair guests had rather unfashionable appe-

tites, after their long fast and vigorous exercise, the fifteen minutes became half an hour and the half hour began to round itself out to a whole hour, before their consciences smote them and they thought of Alvilda who was asleep under the big pine tree.

And now let us see what befell little Alvilda. She slept quietly for about twenty minutes after her sister left her; and she would have slept longer if something very extraordinary had not happened. She was dreaming that the big mastiff, Hector, at home in the parsonage, was insisting upon kissing her, and she was struggling to get away from his cold, wet nose, but could not. A strange, wild odor was filling the air, and it penetrated into Alvilda's dream and made her toss uneasily. There was Hector again, with his cold, wet nose, and he was blowing his warm breath into her face. She tried to scold him, but not a sound could she produce. In her annoyance she struck out with her hand and hit something warm and furry. But here consciousness broke through the filmy webs of slumber; she opened her eyes wide and raised herself on her elbow. There stood Hector, indeed, and stared straight into her eyes. But how big he was! And how his ears had shrunk and his fur grown! Alvilda rubbed her eyes to make sure that she was awake. She stared once more with a dim apprehension, and saw,—yes, there could be no doubt of it,—she saw that it was not Hector. It was an enormous, big brown beast, that stood snuffing at her; it was, perhaps, even a dangerous beast, which might take it into its head to hurt her. It was,—yes, now she was quite sure of it,—it was a big brown bear!

The little girl's first impulse was to cry out for help. But it was so strangely still about her. Where were her brothers and sister, Fritz and his freebooters, Sophy and her friend Ingeborg? It could not be possible that they had left her alone here in the forest. She threw frightened glances about her; but wherever she looked she saw nothing but the long, solemn colonnades of brown pine trunks. And there, right in front of her, stood the bear, staring at her with his small black eyes. It occurred to her, even amid her fright, that she must try to make friends with this bear, in which case, perhaps, he might

consent not to eat her. She knew from her fairy-tales that there were good bears and bad bears, and she devoutly hoped that her new acquaintance might prove to belong to the order of good bears. So, with a quaking heart and a voice that shook, she arose, and putting her hand on the bear's neck, she exclaimed with pathetic friendliness: "I know you very well, Mr. Bear, but you don't know me. I know you from my picture-book. You are the good bear who carried the Princess on your back, away from the Troll's castle."

The bear was apparently not displeased to know that he had made so favorable an impression, though he wished to make it plain that he could n't be bamboozled by flattery. For he shook his great shaggy head and gave a low, good-natured grumble. And just at that moment he caught sight of the big basket of strawberries that stood under the tree. And turning toward it, he slowly lifted his right fore paw, and, putting it straight into the basket, deliberately upset it.

"Why, Bear, what have you been doing?" cried Alvilda, half forgetting her fear. "Why, don't you know, those are Fritz's berries?—and he will be so angry when he gets back. For Fritz, you know, is quite high-tempered. Now, if you'll eat my berries, you may have them, and welcome; but, dear Mr. Bear, do let Fritz's alone."

It may be surmised that the bear was not greatly moved by this argument. He calmly went on eating Fritz's berries, which were scattered all over the ground, and grumbled now and then contentedly, as if to say that he found the flavor of the berries excellent. He paid no attention whatever to Alvilda's own little basket, which she had placed invitingly before his nose; but, when he had finished Fritz's berries, he selected the next biggest basket and upset that in the same deliberate fashion in which he had upturned the first one.

"Why, now, Mr. Bear, I don't think you are good, after all," said Alvilda, when she saw her friend make havoc among the berry-baskets. "Don't you know you'll get stomach-ache, if you eat so many berries?—and then you'll have to go to bed in your den and take nasty medicine."

But, seeing that the bear was no more affected

by self-interest than he was by regard for other people's property, Alvilda, in her zeal, put her arms about his neck and tried to drag him away. She found, however, that she was no match for Bruin in strength, and therefore sorrowfully made up her mind to abandon him to his own devices. "Now, Bear," she said, seating herself again under the tree, and quite forgetting that she had once been frightened, "if you'll behave yourself, I am going to make you a pretty wreath of flowers. Then, Mr. Bear, won't you look handsome when you get home to your family?"

And, delighted at this vision of the bear returning to his astonished family decorated with a wreath, she clapped her hands, emptied a basket of wild flowers in her lap, and began to tie them together. Lilies of the valley, she feared, Bruin would scarcely appreciate; but brier-roses, violets, and columbines, she thought, would not be beyond his taste; and adding here and there a sprig of whortleberries and of flowering heather to give solidity to her wreath, she tied it securely about the bear's neck and laughed aloud with joy at his appearance. Bruin had obviously a notion that this was a kindly act, for he suddenly rose up on his hind legs and with a pleased grumble made an attempt to look at himself.

"Oh, my dear Bruin," cried Alvilda, "you look perfectly lovely! Your family won't recognize you when they see you again."

The bear lifted up his head and, as his eyes met Alvilda's, there was a gleam in them of mild astonishment, and, as the little girl imagined, of gratitude. She laughed and talked on merrily for some minutes, while her friend sat down on his haunches and continued to gaze at her with the same stolid wonder. But then, suddenly, while Alvilda was making another wreath for Bruin to take home to his wife, the blare of a trumpet re-echoed through the woods, and laughing voices were heard approaching. The bear pricked up his ears, sniffed the air suspiciously, and waddled slowly away between the tree trunks.

"Why, no, Bear," Alvilda cried after him; "why don't you stay and meet Fritz and Sophy and the judge's Albert?"

But the bear, instead of returning, broke into a gentle trot, and she heard the dry branches creak beneath his tread as he vanished in the

underbrush. And just as she lost the last glimpse of him, Fritz and Sophy and the whole party of children came rushing up to her, excusing themselves for their absence, calling her all manner of pet names, and saying that they had hoped she had not been frightened. "Oh, no, not at all," answered Alvilda; "I have had such a nice bear here, who has kept me company. But I am so sorry he has eaten up all your berries."

The children thought at first that she must be joking; but seeing all the baskets upset, and smelling the strong, wild odor that was yet lingering in the air, they turned pale and stood gazing at each other in speechless fright. But Sophy burst into tears, hugged her little sister to her bosom, and cried:

"Oh, how can you ever forgive me, Alvilda? It is all my fault! I promised Papa not to leave you."

It was of no use that Alvilda kept repeating: "But, Sophy, he was not a bad bear. He was a nice bear, and he did n't hurt me at all."

There could be no more berrying after that. The girls were in haste to be gone, and the valiant freebooters had no desire to detain them. They picked up their belongings as fast as they could and hurried down through the forest, each taking his turn, as before, in carrying Alvilda. But they were neither knights nor princesses nor freebooters any more. They were only frightened boys and girls.

When they arrived at the parsonage about five o'clock in the afternoon, they were too tired, breathless, and demoralized to care much what became of them. Sophy took upon herself to tell her father what had happened. She was prepared for the worst, and in her remorse would have accepted cheerfully any punishment. But imagine her astonishment when her father uttered no word of reproach but folded Alvilda in his arms and thanked God that he had his little girl once more safe and sound.

Now, if my story had ended here, nobody would have been astonished; but the most astonishing part of it is what remains to be told. Six months after Alvilda's encounter with the

good bear, when a foot of snow covered the ground, two of the parson's lumbermen, who were famous hunters, returned from a week's sojourn in the woods. Fritz, Albert, and Alvilda, bundled up to their ears in scarfs and overcoats, were sliding down the hill behind the stables, when they saw the two lumbermen, sitting astride of some big, dark object, coasting down toward them. "Hurrah!" cried Fritz, waving his cap to them, "there are Nils and Thorsten! And they have killed something too."

Nils and Thorsten, returning the greeting of the young master, slackened their speed and stopped beside the children. It was a big, brown he-bear they had on their sled—a regular monster; and they were not a little proud of having killed him. His tongue was hanging out of his mouth, and there was a small hole in his breast from which the blood was trickling down on the snow.

"Je-miny," exclaimed Fritz admiringly, plunging his fist into the beast's dense fur, "ain't he a stunner? But what is this?—I declare if he has n't a wreath of withered flowers about his neck!"

Alvilda, who had timidly drawn near, started forward at these words and, letting her sled go, stared at the dead animal.

"Why, it is my bear!" she cried, bursting into tears, "it is my dear, good bear!"

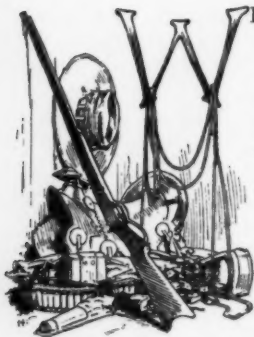
And before any one could prevent her, she had flung her arms about the bear's neck and buried her face in his fur; and there she lay weeping as if her heart would break.

"Oh, they have been bad to you," she sobbed; "and you were so good to me; and you have worn my wreath all this time."

The two hunters pulled the sled down into the court-yard, Alvilda still weeping over her dead playmate. And when her father came out and lifted her up in his arms, she yet remained inconsolable, lamenting the fate of her good bear. But from the animal's neck the pastor cut the withered wreath, and it hangs now on the wall in Alvilda's room as a memento of her ursine friend and the love she bore him.

# BUFFALO HUNTING

By Theodore Roosevelt.



WHEN Independence was declared, in 1776, and the United States of America appeared among the powers of the earth, the continent beyond the Alleghanies was one unbroken wilderness; and the buffaloes, the first animals to vanish when the wilderness is settled, roved up to the crests of the mountains which mark the western boundaries of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas. They were plentiful in what are now the States of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee. But by the beginning of the present century they had been driven beyond the Mississippi; and for the next eighty years they formed one of the most distinctive and characteristic features of existence on the great plains. Their numbers were countless—incredible. In vast herds of hundreds of thousands of individuals, they roamed from the Saskatchewan to the Rio Grande and westward to the Rocky Mountains. They furnished all the means of livelihood to the tribes of Horse Indians, and to the curious population of French Metis, or Half-breeds, on the Red River, as well as those dauntless and archtypical wanderers, the white hunters and trappers. Their numbers slowly diminished; but the decrease was very gradual until after the Civil War. They were not destroyed by the settlers, but by the railways and by the skin hunters.

After the ending of the Civil War, the work of constructing transcontinental railway lines was

pushed forward with the utmost vigor. These supplied cheap and indispensable, but hitherto wholly lacking, means of transportation to the hunters; and at the same time the demand for buffalo robes and hides became very great, while the enormous numbers of the beasts, and the comparative ease with which they were slaughtered, attracted throngs of adventurers. The result was such a slaughter of big game as the world had never before seen; never before were so many large animals of one species destroyed in so short a time. Several million buffaloes were slain. In fifteen years from the time the destruction fairly began, the great herds were exterminated. In all probability there are not now, all told, a thousand head of wild buffaloes on the American continent; and no herd of a hundred individuals has been in existence since 1884.

The first great break followed the building of the Union Pacific Railway. All the buffaloes of the middle region were then destroyed, and the others were then split into two vast sets of herds, the northern and the southern. The latter were destroyed first, about 1878; the former not until 1883. My own experience with buffaloes was obtained in the latter year, among small bands and scattered individuals, near my ranch on the Little Missouri; I have related it elsewhere. But two of my relatives were more fortunate, and took part in the chase of these lordly beasts when the herds still darkened the prairie as far as the eye could see.

During the first two months of 1877, my brother Elliott, then a lad not seventeen years old, made a buffalo-hunt toward the edge of the Staked Plains in northern Texas. He was thus in at the death of the southern herds, for

all, save a few scattering bands, were destroyed within two years of this time.

My brother was with my cousin, John Roosevelt, and they went out on the range with six other adventurers—a German-American, a Scotchman who had been in the Confederate cavalry and afterward in Maximilian's Mexican body-guard, and four Irishmen. It was a party of just such young men as frequently drift to the frontier. All were short of cash, and all were hardy, vigorous fellows eager for excitement and adventure. My brother was much the youngest of the party, and the least experienced; but he was well-grown, strong and healthy, and very fond of boxing, wrestling, running, riding, and shooting; moreover, he had served an apprenticeship in hunting deer and turkeys. Their mess-kit, ammunition, bedding, and provisions were carried in two prairie wagons, each drawn by four horses. In addition to the teams they had six saddle-animals—all of them shaggy, unkempt mustangs. Three or four dogs, setters and half-bred greyhounds, trotted along behind the wagons. Each man took his turn for two days as teamster and cook; and there were always two with the wagons, or camp, as the case might be, while the other six were off hunting, usually in couples. The expedition was undertaken partly for sport and partly with the hope of profit; for, after purchasing the horses and wagons, none of the party had any money left, and they were forced to rely upon selling skins and hides and, when near the forts, meat.

They started on January 2d, and shaped their course for the head-waters of the Salt Fork of the Brazos, the center of abundance for the great buffalo herds. During the first few days they were in the outskirts of the settled country, and shot only small game—quail and prairie fowl; then they began to kill turkey, deer, and antelope. These they "swapped" for flour and feed, at the ranches or squalid, straggling frontier towns. On several occasions the hunters were lost, spending the night out in the open, or sleeping at a ranch if one was found. Both towns and ranches were filled with rough customers; all of my brother's companions were muscular, hot-headed fellows; and as a consequence they were involved in several savage

"free fights," in which, fortunately, nobody was seriously hurt. My brother kept a very brief diary, the entries being fairly startling from their conciseness. A number of times, the mention of their arrival, either at a halting-place, a little village, or a rival buffalo-camp is followed by the laconic remark, "big fight," or "big row"; but once they evidently concluded discretion to be the better part of valor, the entry for January 20th being, "On the road—passed through Belknap—too lively, so kept on to the Brazos—very late." The buffalo-camps in particular were very jealous of one another, each party regarding itself as having exclusive right to the range it was the first to find; and on several occasions this feeling came near involving my brother and his companions in serious trouble.

While slowly driving the heavy wagons to the hunting-grounds they suffered the usual hardships of plains travel. The weather, as in most Texas winters, alternated between the extremes of heat and cold. There had been little rain; in consequence water was scarce. Twice they were forced to cross wild, barren wastes, where the pools had dried up, and they suffered terribly from thirst. On the first occasion the horses were in good condition, and they traveled steadily, with only occasional short halts, for over thirty-six hours, by which time they were across the waterless country. The journal reads: "January 29th.—Big hunt—no water and we left Quinn's blockhouse this morning 3 A. M.—on the go all night—hot. January 28th.—No water—hot—at seven we struck water and by eight Stinking Creek—grand 'hurrah.'" On the second occasion, the horses were weak and traveled slowly, so the party went forty-eight hours without drinking. "February 19th.—Pulled on twenty-one miles—trail bad—freezing night, no water, and wolves after our fresh meat. 20th.—Made nineteen miles over prairie; again only mud, no water, freezing hard—frightful thirst. 21st.—Thirty miles to Clear Fork, fresh water." These entries were hurriedly jotted down at the time, by a boy who deemed it unmanly to make any especial note of hardship or suffering; but every plainsman will understand the real agony implied in working hard for two nights, one day, and portions of two others, without water, even in cool weather. During the last few miles the



staggering horses were only just able to drag the lightly loaded wagon,—for they had but one with them at the time,—while the men plodded along in sullen silence, their mouths so parched that they could hardly utter a word. My own hunting and ranching were done in the North where there is more water; so I have never had a similar experience. Once I took a team in thirty-six hours across a country where there was no water; but by good luck it rained heavily in the night, so that the horses had plenty of wet grass, and I caught the rain in my slicker, and so had enough water for myself. Personally, I have but once been as long as twenty-six hours without water.

The party pitched their permanent camp in a cañon of the Brazos known as Cañon Blanco. The last few days of their journey they traveled beside the river through a veritable hunter's paradise. The drought had forced all the animals to come to the larger watercourses, and the country was literally swarming with game. Every day, and all day long, the wagons traveled through the herds of antelopes that grazed on every side, while, whenever they approached the cañon brink, bands of deer started from the timber that fringed the river's course; often, even the deer wandered out on the prairie with the antelopes. Nor was the game shy; for the hunters, both red and white, followed only the buffaloes until the huge, shaggy herds were destroyed, and the smaller beasts were in consequence but little molested.

Once my brother shot five antelopes from a single stand, when the party were short of fresh venison; he was out of sight and to leeward, and the antelopes seemed confused rather than alarmed at the rifle-reports and the fall of their companions. As was to be expected where game was so plenty, wolves and coyotes also abounded. At night they surrounded the camp, wailing and howling in a kind of shrieking chorus throughout the hours of darkness; one night they came up so close that the frightened horses had to be hobbled and guarded. On another occasion a large wolf actually crept into camp, where he was seized by the dogs, and the yelling, writhing knot of combatants rolled over one of the sleepers; finally, the long-toothed prowler managed to shake himself loose, and vanished in the

gloom. One evening they were almost as much startled by a visit of a different kind. They were just finishing supper when an Indian stalked suddenly and silently out of the surrounding darkness, squatted down in the circle of fire-light, remarked gravely, "Me Tonk," and began helping himself from the stew. He belonged to the friendly tribe of Tonkaways, so his hosts speedily recovered their equanimity; as for him, he had never lost his, and he sat eating by the fire until there was literally nothing left to eat. The panic caused by his appearance was natural; for at that time the Comanches were a scourge to the buffalo-hunters, ambushing them and raiding their camps; and several bloody fights had taken place.

Their camp had been pitched near a deep pool or water-hole. On both sides the bluffs rose like walls, and where they had crumbled and lost their sheerness, the vast buffalo herds, passing and repassing for countless generations, had worn furrowed trails so deep that the backs of the beasts were but little above the surrounding soil. In the bottom, and in places along the crests of the cliffs that hemmed in the cañon-like valley, there were groves of tangled trees, tenanted by great flocks of wild turkeys. Once my brother made two really remarkable shots at a pair of these great birds. It was at dusk, and they were flying directly overhead from one cliff to the other. He had in his hand a thirty-eight-caliber Ballard rifle, and, as the gobblers winged their way heavily by, he brought them both down with two successive bullets. This was of course mainly a piece of mere luck; but it meant good shooting, too. The Ballard was a very accurate, handy little weapon; it belonged to me, and was the first rifle I ever owned or used. With it I had once killed a deer, the only specimen of large game I had then shot; and I presented the rifle to my brother when he went to Texas. In our happy ignorance we deemed it quite good enough for buffalo or anything else; but out on the plains my brother soon found himself forced to procure a heavier and more deadly weapon.

When camp was pitched the horses were turned loose to graze and refresh themselves after their trying journey, during which they had lost flesh wofully. They were watched

and tended by the two men who were always left in camp, and, save on rare occasions, were only used to haul in the buffalo-hides. The camp-guards for the time being acted as cooks; and, though coffee and flour both ran short and finally gave out, fresh meat of every kind was abundant. The camp was never without buffalo-beef, deer and antelope venison, wild turkeys, prairie-chickens, quails, ducks, and rabbits. The birds were simply "potted," as occasion required; when the quarry was deer or antelope, the hunters took the dogs with them to run down the wounded animals. But almost the entire attention of the hunters was given to the buffalo. After an evening spent in lounging round the camp-fire, and a sound night's sleep, wrapped in robes and blankets, they would get up before daybreak, snatch a hurried breakfast, and start off in couples through the chilly dawn. The great beasts were very plentiful; in the first day's hunt, twenty were slain; but the herds were restless and ever on the move. Sometimes they would be seen right by the camp, and again it would need an all-day's tramp to find them. There was no difficulty in spying them—the chief trouble with forest game; for on the prairie a buffalo makes no effort to hide, and its black, shaggy bulk looms up as far as the eye can see. Sometimes they were found in small parties of three or four individuals, sometimes in bands of about two hundred, and again in great herds of many thousand; and solitary old bulls, expelled from the herds, were common. If on broken land, among hills and ravines, there was not much difficulty in approaching from the leeward; for, though the sense of smell in the buffalo is very acute, they do not see well at a distance through their overhanging frontlets of coarse and matted hair. If, as was generally the case, they were out on the open, rolling prairie, the stalking was far more difficult. Every hollow, every earth hummock and sagebush had to be used as cover. The hunter wriggled through the grass flat on his face, pushing himself along for perhaps a quarter of a mile by his toes and fingers, heedless of the spiny cactus. When near enough to the huge, unconscious quarry the hunter began firing, still keeping himself carefully concealed. If the smoke was blown away by the

wind, and if the buffaloes caught no glimpse of the assailant, they would often stand motionless and stupid until many of their number had been slain; the hunter being careful not to fire too high, aiming just behind the shoulder, about a third of the way up the body, that his bullet might go through the lungs. Sometimes, even after they saw the man, they would act as if confused and panic-struck, huddling up together and staring at the smoke puffs—but generally they were off at a lumbering gallop as soon as they had an idea of the point of danger. When once started, they ran for many miles before halting, and their pursuit on foot was extremely laborious.

One morning my cousin and brother had been left in camp as guards. They were sitting, idly warming themselves in the first sunbeams, when their attention was sharply drawn to four buffaloes who were coming to the pool to drink. The beasts came down a game trail, a deep rut in the bluff, fronting where they were sitting, and they did not dare stir for fear of being discovered. The buffaloes walked into the pool, and, after drinking their fill, stood for some time with the water running out of their mouths, idly lashing their sides with their short tails, enjoying the bright warmth of the early sunshine; then, with much splashing and the gurgling of soft mud, they left the pool and clambered up the bluff with unwieldy agility. As soon as they turned, my brother and cousin ran for their rifles; but before they got back the buffaloes had crossed the bluff crest. Climbing after them, the two hunters found, when they reached the summit, that their game, instead of halting, had struck straight off across the prairie at a slow lope, doubtless intending to rejoin the herd they had left. After a moment's consultation, the men went in pursuit, excitement overcoming their knowledge that they ought not, by rights, to leave the camp. They struck a steady trot, following the animals by sight until they passed over a knoll, and then trailing them. Where the grass was long, as it was for the first four or five miles, this was a work of no difficulty, and they did not break their gait, only glancing now and then at the trail. As the sun rose and the day became warm, their breathing grew quicker; and the sweat rolled off their faces as they ran

across the rough prairie sward, up and down the long inclines, now and then shifting their heavy rifles from one shoulder to the other. But they were in good training, and they did not have to halt. At last they reached stretches of bare

taken by a vast herd of stampeded buffaloes. All animals that go in herds are subject to these instantaneous attacks of uncontrollable terror, under the influence of which they become perfectly mad, and rush headlong in dense masses

on any form of death.

Horses, and more especially cattle, often suffer from stampedes; it is a danger against which the cowboys are compelled to be perpetually on guard. A band of stampeded horses, sweeping in mad terror up a valley, will dash against a rock or tree with such violence as to leave several dead animals at its base, while the survivors race on without halting; they



"THEY WERE IN GOOD TRAINING, AND THEY DID NOT HAVE TO HALT."

ground, sun-baked and grassless, where the trail grew dim; and here they had to go very slowly, carefully examining the faint dents and marks made in the soil by the heavy hoofs, and unraveling the trail from the mass of old foot-marks. It was tedious work, but it enabled them to completely recover their breath by the time that they again struck the grass land; and but a few hundred yards from its edge, in a slight hollow, they saw the four buffaloes just entering a herd of fifty or sixty that were scattered out grazing. The herd paid no attention to the newcomers, and these immediately began to feed greedily. After a whispered consultation, the two hunters crept back, and made a long circle that brought them well to leeward of the herd, in line with a slight rise in the ground. They then crawled up to this rise and, peering through the tufts of tall, rank grass, saw the unconscious beasts a hundred and twenty-five or fifty yards away. They fired together, each mortally wounding his animal, and then, rushing in as the herd halted in confusion, and following them as they ran, impeded by numbers, hurry, and panic, they eventually got three more.

On another occasion, the same two hunters nearly met with a frightful death, being over-

will overturn and destroy tents and wagons, and a man on foot caught in the rush has but a small chance for his life. A buffalo stampede is much worse—or rather was much worse, in the old days—because of the great weight and immense numbers of the beasts, who, in a fury of heedless terror, plunged over cliffs and into rivers, and bore down whatever was in their path. On the occasion in question, my brother and cousin were on their way homeward. They were just mounting one of the long, low swells into which the prairie was broken when they heard a low, muttering, rumbling noise, like far-off thunder. It grew steadily louder, and, not knowing what it meant, they hurried forward to the top of the rise. As they reached it, they stopped short in terror and amazement, for before them the whole prairie was black with madly rushing buffaloes.

Afterward they learned that another couple of hunters, four or five miles off, had fired into and stampeded a large herd. This herd, in its rush, gathered others, all thundering along together in uncontrollable and increasing panic.

The surprised hunters were far away from any broken ground or other place of refuge; while the vast herd of huge, plunging, maddened

beasts was charging straight down on them not a quarter of a mile distant. Down they came!—thousands upon thousands, their front extending a mile in breadth, while the earth shook beneath their thunderous gallop, and as they came closer, their shaggy frontlets loomed dimly through the columns of dust thrown up from the dry soil. The two hunters knew that their only hope for life was to split the herd, which, though it had so broad a front, was not very deep. If they failed they would inevitably be trampled to death.

Waiting until the beasts were in close range, they opened a rapid fire from their heavy breech-loading rifles, yelling at the top of their voices. For a moment the result seemed doubtful. The line thundered steadily down on them;

from their foes in front, strove desperately to edge away from the dangerous neighborhood; the shouts and shots were redoubled; the hunters were almost choked by the cloud of dust through which they could see the stream of dark huge bodies passing within rifle-length on either side; and in a moment the peril was over, and the two men were left alone on the plain, unharmed, though with their nerves terribly shaken. The herd careered on toward the horizon, save five individuals who had been killed or disabled by the shots.

On another occasion, when my brother was out with one of his Irish friends, they fired at a small herd containing an old bull; the bull charged the smoke, and the whole herd followed him. Probably they were simply stampeded,



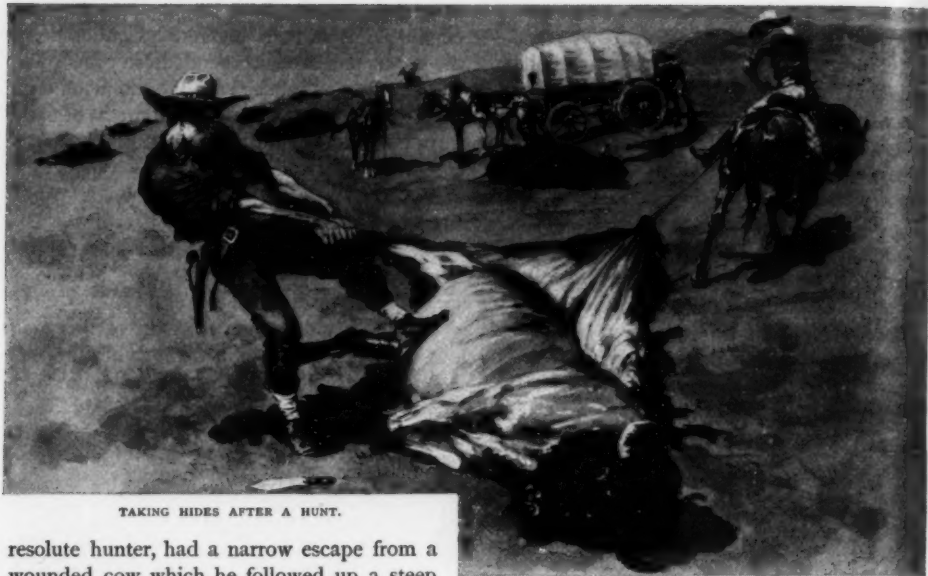
A THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

"SPLITTING" A HERD OF STAMPEDED BUFFALOES.

then it swayed violently, as two or three of the brutes immediately in their front fell beneath the bullets, while the neighbors made violent efforts to press off sideways. Then a narrow wedge-shaped rift appeared in the line, and widened as it came up closer, and the buffaloes, shrinking

and had no hostile intention; at any rate, after the death of their leader, they rushed by without doing any damage.

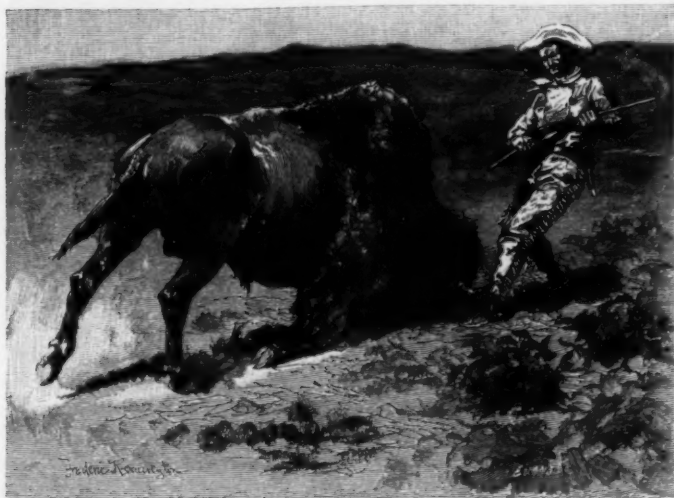
But buffaloes sometimes charged with the utmost determination, and were then dangerous antagonists. My cousin, a very hardy and



TAKING HIDES AFTER A HUNT.

resolute hunter, had a narrow escape from a wounded cow which he followed up a steep bluff or sand cliff. Just as he reached the summit, he was charged, and was only saved by the sudden appearance of his dog, which distracted

the party. He was out alone, and saw a small herd of cows and calves at some distance, with a huge bull among them, towering above them



"THE GREAT BEAST CAME CRASHING TO THE EARTH."

the cow's attention. He thus escaped with only a tumble and a few bruises.

My brother also came in for a charge, while killing the biggest bull that was slain by any of

like a giant. There was no break in the ground, nor any tree nor bush near them, but by making a half-circle, my brother managed to creep up against the wind behind a slight roll in the prairie surface, until he was within seventy-five yards of the grazing and unconscious beasts. There were some cows and calves between him and the bull, and he had to wait some moments before they shifted position as the herd grazed onward and gave him a fair shot; in the interval they had

moved so far forward that he was in plain view. His first bullet struck just behind the shoulder; the herd started and looked around, but the bull merely lifted his head and took a

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A WAR PARTY OF COMANCHES "JUMPING" A HUNTER'S CAMP.

step forward, his tail curled up over his back. The next bullet likewise struck fair, nearly in the same place, telling with a loud "pack!" against the thick hide, and making the dust fly up from the matted hair. Instantly the great bull wheeled and charged in headlong anger, while the herd fled in the opposite direction. On the bare prairie, with no spot of refuge, it was useless to try to escape, and the hunter, with reloaded rifle, waited until the bull was not far off, then drew up his weapon and fired. Either he was nervous, or the bull at the moment bounded over some obstacle, for the ball went a little wild; nevertheless, by good luck, it broke a fore leg, and the great beast came crashing to the earth, and was slain before it could struggle to its feet.

Two days after this event, a war party of Comanches swept down along the river. They "jumped"

a neighboring camp, killing one man and wounding two more, and at the same time ran off all but three of the horses belonging to our eight adventurers. With the remaining three horses and one wagon they set out homeward. The march was hard and tedious; they lost their way and were in jeopardy from quicksands and cloudbursts; they suffered from thirst and cold, their shoes gave out and their feet were lamed by cactus spines. At last they reached Fort Sniffin in safety, and great was their ravenous rejoicing when they procured some bread—for during the final fortnight of the hunt they had been without flour or vegetables of any kind, or even coffee, and had subsisted on fresh meat "straight." Nevertheless, it was a very healthy, as well as a very pleasant and exciting experience; and I doubt if any of those who took part in it will ever forget their great buffalo-hunt on the Brazos.



# MAY BARTLETT'S STEPMOTHER

BY NORA PERRY



## CHAPTER I.

"A STEPMOTHER? How horrid!"

"Horrid!—I should think so."

"What is it that is horrid, girls?" asked another girl, who, in passing, had caught only the last sentence.

"Why, about May Bartlett, you know."

"No, I don't know; what is it?"

"She has a stepmother."

"No!"

"Yes, yes," cried the first two speakers,—the Macy sisters,—Joanna and Elsie.

"But when, *when* did it happen, this stepmother business?" exclaimed the girl to whom they were telling the news. "I saw May in vacation, and she did n't lisp a word of it."

"But you have n't seen her since you came back?"

"Well, no; as this is my *first hour* back, almost. But tell me when the stepmother was brought on the scene?"

"A week ago; that is, Mr. Bartlett was mar-

ried to her then; but he has n't brought her home yet; they are traveling."

"Who told you?"

"Mrs. Marks, the housekeeper. I went round yesterday to see if May was at home."

"And you saw May?"

"No; she was n't expected until the late afternoon train."

"And she did n't know anything about the stepmother until a week ago?"

"Two weeks ago; a week before the marriage."

"Well, I call that downright cruel. If it was *my* father!" And Cathy Bond stamped a little foot on the floor with an emphasis that spoke unutterable things. Two or three more girls who had just entered the school-room came up at this demonstration with a "What's the matter, Cathy?" And the matter was told over again with a new chorus of "ohs" and "ahs" and "poor Mays."

There was only one disagreeing voice—a soft little voice that broke into the "ohs" and "ahs," saying: "Stepmothers are very nice sometimes. I have a cousin—"

"Nice!" cried Cathy, and then directly went off in a flow of wild talk, a string of stories all going to show that stepmothers were anything but nice.

At the first hint of a pause, the little soft voice began again:

"I have a cousin—" but Cathy had mounted her hobby-horse of prejudice, and flashed out:

"Oh, bother your cousin, Susy Morris; I know two girls *intimately*, who have stepmothers, and they can't do anything, not *anything*, they want to do!"

"Who, the stepmothers?" asked Joanna slyly.

"No; the girls, of course," answered Cathy rather crossly; "and they used to have everything, and do just *exactly* as they pleased. Oh, you need n't talk to *me* about stepmothers; they interfere between the fathers and children, and are a meddling, selfish set."

As Cathy paused to take breath, Susy promptly struck in with, "I have a cousin—" But a shout of laughter interrupted, and Joanna Macy repeated, with merry mockery, "I have a cousin"; then, turning and clutching Susy in a swift embrace, she cried out:

"Oh, you dear, queer, funny little thing with your running chorus, 'I have a cousin.' But tell us about her; come, Susy has the floor—Susy's going to tell us about the cousin. If Cathy interrupts, we'll put her out. Now, Susy, begin—" "I have a cousin."

Susy blushed a little, but without any sign of annoyance unhesitatingly took up the words, "I have a cousin," and went on with her story.

It was a sweet little story of kindness and comfort and happiness brought into a lonely home to a lonely child, by a sweet, kind, good woman.

But it did not make the impression it ought to have made upon the girl listeners, for Cathy's stormy talk of injustice and cruelty had blown into their minds a tangle of wild thoughts, just as a storm in nature blows all the wild weeds and sticks and stones into a tangle of dust and dirt that confuses and blinds one.

Susy, who appeared so slow and placid, had a keen perception of some things. Her mind was like a little clear lake through which she seemed

to look and see the truth. Through this clear little lake she now looked and saw that not one of these girls, not even Joanna whom she specially loved, received her story with much belief. It was not that they thought she was willfully telling what was not true, but they were saying to themselves:

"Oh, that is only Susy's easy, pleasant way of taking people. Susy does n't understand." But Susy *did* understand more than they imagined, and it was out of this understanding that she started up suddenly with a quicker motion than was common with her, and in a quicker tone cried out:

"My father says that prejudice makes people deaf and blind." She paused a second, gave a short sigh, and dropping into her ordinary manner, and in her little, soft, drawling voice, she added, "If 't would only make 'em dumb 't would be all right."

The girls were used to Susy's wise speeches, spoken in that soft voice of hers, and with a curious twist to the letter r, which she could n't pronounce without giving to it a half sound of w, and they generally laughed, not at the speeches alone, but at the quaint combination of the speeches and Susy together. As a matter of habit they laughed now, but Joanna had caught the spirit of the speech, and she followed the laugh by saying:

"Susy is right; prejudice does make us deaf and blind, and it is a pity we could n't be dumb too, instead of talking such stuff! What do *we* know really about stepmothers?"

"We know what everybody has always said," struck in Cathy.

"Everybody is always saying everything."

"But there are the Longley girls—my two friends I told you of."

"And there is Susy's cousin that's the other side. I'll set that against the Longlegs, or whatever is their name."

"Well, I sha'n't. I shall never believe in stepmothers; I know—"

A quick "hush" from Joanna arrested Cathy's sentence. She looked up. They all looked up, and there was May Bartlett, not three feet away! How long had she been there? How much had she heard? Perhaps she had just come in and had heard nothing. But she was standing at her

desk, and her books were unstrapped and set in order. She must have heard something in this time. Joanna could have stamped with vexation at herself, and at the others. Oh, why, why, had she—had they all—been so careless? But something must be done. Somebody must go forward and speak as if nothing had happened. Joanna started on this errand, but Cathy was before her, and in the next moment, flinging her arms about May, was saying in an impressive, pitying accent:

"Oh, May, we have heard all about it, and we are *so* sorry."

May Bartlett was a proud girl, who generally held her private affairs in a good deal of reserve, but this sudden demonstration at this time was too much for her self-control, and she burst into tears. Joanna could have beaten Cathy. Why could n't she have greeted May as if nothing had happened? But that was just like Cathy to make a scene.

The girls came forward awkwardly after this, and there was a general uncomfortable time, until Susy suddenly burst out in her odd little way:

"Oh, May's got a straight bang!"

The girls giggled, Joanna caught Susy in a little hug, and the tragic atmosphere was relieved.

## CHAPTER II.

A WEEK later, May Bartlett was standing at the parlor window waiting for her father and his new wife, her stepmother.

"Why don't you go to the depot to meet them?" asked Mrs. Marks.

May had colored up angrily at this question, and a hot rush of tears had blinded her eyes as she turned away without answering. But it was a natural question for Mrs. Marks to ask, for May had been in the habit of meeting her father at the pretty little suburban station almost every afternoon on his return from the city. "But meet *them* at the depot! How could Mrs. Marks speak of such a thing," the girl thought indignantly.

Tick, tack, tick, tack, went the little cathedral clock on the mantel. In fifteen minutes the train would be in, and in five, ten minutes more the carriage would be at the door, and then—

and then—the tears that May had tried to keep under control suddenly overflowed, as she imagined the change that was coming. Eight weeks ago, when she had gone away with her Aunt Mary to the sea-shore to spend her vacation, May had planned what she would do in the autumn. In the first place she would have a party—a garden-party, for September was a lovely month at Hillside, and her father had promised her a garden-party ever since they had taken possession of their new house there, three years ago. She would invite all the girls of her set at the Hillside seminary, and as many of her friends in town—and by "town" she meant Boston, which was only six miles away—as had returned from their summer jaunts. Then she would persuade her father to buy her a village wagon. She could drive very well, as he himself had said, and she could bring him from the station quite as well in a village wagon as in the shabby old phaeton which she was permitted to use, when Patrick was too busy to go with the dog-cart. Yes, a party and a dear little duck of a wagon like Marion Grant's, and then, and then,—but at this point of her recollection her tears flowed afresh, for of course all these pretty plans must go, with the coming of the new mother—no, the stepmother; she would never, never call her *mother*! Her mother!—she looked up at the portrait that hung above the little clock—the portrait of a fair sweet-faced woman with pleasant eyes that seemed to follow you about with a laugh in them. She died five years ago, when May was nine years old, but May could almost fancy she heard her mother saying as those laughing eyes met her daughter's:

"What's the matter with the little daughter now?"

A sob caught in the daughter's throat here, and she cried aloud, "Oh, Mamma, Mamma, it's no small thing that's the matter now, but a very, very great thing. It's somebody coming to take your place—your place and mine, Mamma." But if May had a half fancy that the eyes would look different, would change their merry expression at this, she was mistaken. As the yellow afternoon sun sent a bright dancing ray across the canvas, the eyes seemed to dance with it, in the happiest possible way, and tick, tack, tick, tack, the little clock sent its

yellow pendulum back and forth in the sunshine. From the portrait, May glanced at the clock-face. Why, why, why! the fifteen minutes had passed, and so absorbed had she been in her thoughts, she had not heard the locomotive whistle. How very odd. She ran out of the room, and out of the hall upon the piazza. The train must have arrived, and in five minutes more she would hear the carriage. From end to end she paced slowly up and down. How sweet the honeysuckle smelled, and the late lilies were all red and gold bloom. Leaning over the railing she broke one from its stem and pinned it in her dress; as she did so she could see the clock through the open window. Not only five, but ten minutes had gone. She stopped and listened. Was that the carriage? No. Five minutes more. The train could not have arrived. What *was* the matter? Tick, tack, tick, tack, another five minutes went by and Mrs. Marks came out on the piazza.

"My dear, I never knew this train to be late," she said anxiously. Then May's endurance gave way, and catching her hat from the hall stand she ran down the steps, calling back as she went:

"I'm going to the depot, Mrs. Marks, to see if anything has been heard. I can't wait here."

"That's right, dearie; you'll feel better to go, but I would not worry—there's been some delay somewhere, that's all."

"Some delay somewhere!" May thought of the delay that had occurred on the Boston and Providence road the year before, when the Rosindale bridge had given way, and hundreds of people had gone down with it. Her heart seemed to beat up into her throat, to stop her voice, and almost her breath. She could not frame the words to ask a question when she entered the depot, but she heard some one say, "There's been an accident." She lost the next sentence, and caught only the last words,—"but the track is clear now, and the train has started."

Walking to the further end of the platform, away from all the people, poor May sat down upon a baggage-truck to watch and wait. As she sat there she imagined the worst that could have happened. Perhaps her father was badly hurt, perhaps he was killed, and she would

never see him again; and at the very time, when he had been suffering, perhaps dying, she had been having hard thoughts of him, had blamed him for what he had done, and what he had not done—for marrying again, and for not telling her of his plans until the last moment. She grew hot, then cold, as she thought of the words she had said to Cathy Bond—of how she had joined her in calling him unkind, and even cruel. Oh, if only he came back alive, so that she could show him how she loved him! If only he came back she would not do any of the disagreeable things she had declared to Cathy Bond that she would do. She would—yes, she would—even kiss her stepmother when she met her. She had said to Cathy only yesterday, "I shall not kiss her, and I shall be very stiff and cold to both of them." To *both* of them! Perhaps, perhaps—

In another moment May would have lost all control of herself and burst out crying, if the sound of a long shrill whistle had not roused her to the immediate present. As she heard it, she jumped to her feet and ran up the platform.

Yes, there was the train rounding the curve. In a minute she would know—what? She crowded her way through the throng of people to the front. Swiftly, then slackening in speed, the cars roll in and come to a full stop. There are faces at the windows, there are voices saying, "I am so glad to see you"; but not the face, not the voice she is longing for. She turns sick, cold, and dizzy, and staggers backward with an attempt to get away out of this eager throng that seems so happy. Then it is that somebody cries:

"Why, here she is, now!"

She lifts her head, and there he is—her handsome, young-looking father, sound and well and smiling down upon her.

"O Papa, Papa! I thought you were killed—the train was so late, and they said—they said—"

"My dear child! There, there, don't—*don't* cry. It's all right you see. Here, Margaret, here's this little girl has been frightened half out of her wits at the delay—thought I was killed."

May made a great effort to be calm, but the reaction was so swift it was hard work, and her



pale face and tremulous lips were expressive of her nervousness as she looked up to meet her stepmother's glance. It was not a smiling glance like her father's, but May found it easier to meet for that reason. She knew her father always dreaded what he called "a scene," and had always discouraged any outbreaks either of tears or excited laughter; and with this knowledge she was perfectly well aware that her twitching lips and pallid face were annoying him at that moment. But this serious glance that met her, and the quiet remark, "I don't wonder that you were frightened at such a delay; I should have been very much frightened in your place," gave May a little time to recover herself, and then the quiet voice went on, asking no questions, but speaking of the causes of the delay, that did not, it seemed, involve much danger, being merely an accident of obstruction by the breaking down of a freight-car, of which warning was duly given from station to station.

"Oh, I thought it was something dreadful," May broke forth at this. "I heard some one say something about an accident, and I was too frightened to ask a question myself."

"And so worked yourself up into a fever with your imagination as usual, my dear," her father responded, half laughing.

"She did the most natural thing in the world for a girl. I think I should have done the same thing," the quiet voice here said, with an easy tone of bright decision.

"Oh, you! I dare say. I've a pair of you, I see."

May looked at her father in surprise. He looked back at her with a funny little grimace.

"Yes, May, she's just such another goose as you are in some things."

May caught the smile upon her stepmother's face. Her stepmother! In the excitement she had for the moment forgotten *the stepmother*. She regarded her now for the first time with observing eyes. What did she see?

A tall slender young woman, with brunette coloring, and an air of ease and elegance about her. May glanced across at her father. How happy he seemed, and how young he appeared! But he must be a great deal older than this new wife—this "Margaret." He had gray hairs,

and there was no gray in that dark coil and fluff under the small stylish bonnet. May took in all these details and said to herself, "Why did she marry him, I wonder?" Then a mischievous little spirit whispered that her father was a rich man, and she remembered what Cathy Bond had said about girls marrying for money. Alas! for May's good resolutions, as she sat waiting for the train a few minutes before. If her father only came back! And here he was, full of life and strength, and she had forgotten already. If he only came back, she would show him how she loved him, she would even—kiss her stepmother when she met her! But as the girl thought of this last duty which she had meant to perform, it suddenly came over her that she had really not been called upon to perform it—that nobody in fact, neither her father nor her stepmother, had seemed to expect it. Of course everything was to be accounted for by the excitement of the occasion, but, nevertheless, a feeling of chagrin sent a flush to May's cheek at the recollection, and then a swift sharp question stung her, "Was this the way she was to be forgotten by them?"

### CHAPTER III.

"A GARDEN-party? Why yes, so I did promise you a garden-party some time. I remember, but it seems to me—it's rather late in the year, is n't it?"

"Oh, no; not if I set it for next week. Hill-side is lovely in September."

"Yes, but next week is the fourth week in September—pretty late in the month to count on the weather. Margaret," and Mr. Bartlett's voice rose a little louder in tone as he called to his wife, who was coming down one of the garden walks to the piazza where he and May were sitting.

"Yes," responded Margaret, looking up from the flowers she carried.

"Don't you think the fourth week in September is rather late for a garden-party?"

"Decidedly late. Why, I hope you are not thinking of giving a garden-party, are you?"

"I? Oh, no; it was May's idea. There, you see—you'll have to wait until next year, my dear," turning to May.

Margaret lifted her head quickly, and saw a rebellious expression on her stepdaughter's face. It was a still, cold expression, that she had seen several times before in the three days she had been at Hillside. Coming forward more rapidly, she said easily and pleasantly:

"It is very nice of you to think of a garden-party for me, but it *is* rather late, you know."

Mr. Bartlett had taken up his newspaper, and paid no heed to these words. May sat silent, her chin dropped against her breast, all kinds of mutinous little thoughts in her mind, first and foremost of which was, "She thinks everything is to be for *her*!"

Mrs. Bartlett meanwhile stood regarding the downbent face with a look of great perplexity, and with a slight flush on her cheek. The flush deepened, as May suddenly jumped from her chair and, catching up her school-satchel, started off down the walk with a "Good-bye, Papa."

Her father glanced over his paper with a look of surprise. It was not May's habit to go away like this, without a good-bye kiss. He was about to call her back, when he saw her join one of her school friends just outside the gate. In a few moments the matter slipped from his mind, in the absorbing interest of the political news he was reading.

It was Cathy Bond whom May had joined. Cathy was full of a lively interest in the new stepmother. She had found May rather reserved in what she had said within the last three days, and was greatly desirous of discovering the "reason why," of seeing for herself what sort of a person the stepmother was, and "how things were going;" but her little plan of calling for May was foiled by May's joining her outside the gate. In a moment, however, she saw, with those sharp eyes of hers, that something was very much amiss, and in a sympathetic tone asked:

"What is it, Maisie, what is the matter?"

"Matter!" With a catch in her breath, May repeated the brief conversation about the garden-party. The reserve of the last few days had vanished. Her good resolutions had blown to the winds. But it was only to Cathy that she spoke directly. Whether Cathy would have had the strength to have been silent if May had asked her, it is impossible to tell. But May did not

ask her,—perhaps in her resentment she did n't care, perhaps she did n't think; at any rate Cathy did not keep silent, and by the afternoon recess all the girls knew the story of the garden-party as they had heard it from Cathy Bond.

Even Joanna Macy was stirred to indignation by this story.

"She *must* be conceited to think the party could only be for her. What had May to do with getting up a garden-party for her stepmother?"

Susy Morris, who heard the indignant tone of Joanna's voice, wanted to know what it meant.

"Oh, it means," cried Joanna, "that Cathy was n't far wrong about the stepmother"; and then Joanna repeated the story, as she had heard it from Cathy, that May had asked her father that morning if she might have the garden-party he had promised her, and that her stepmother had interfered and said that, though she was much obliged to May for thinking of giving a garden-party for her, that it was decidedly too late for it, and that she hoped it would not be thought of any more! "The idea," concluded Joanna, "of her taking it for granted that the party must be for her—that May, a girl of fourteen, would think of getting up any kind of a party for her! I never heard anything so conceited. Well?" as Susy's small face began to wrinkle up with a puzzled frown, "say it out, Susy, whatever it is!"

"My cousin—"

Joanna shouted with laughter.

"Oh, Susy, that cousin of yours!"

But Susy went on: "My cousin was n't but fifteen, and she asked her father to make a sailing party for *her* stepmother. Perhaps May's stepmother thought that May was just asking for the party in the same way, as a kind of welcome, you know. She might have misunderstood, or she might not have heard the whole,—don't you see?"

"No, I don't see. They were *all* on the piazza talking; and May had distinctly asked her father if she might give to the school-girls the garden-party that he had promised that she might. Now, Miss Susy, what have you to say?"

"Nothing, only it does seem queer, if all this was said *right out before the stepmother*,

that she should have thought the party was for her, and should have thanked May. When she did that, why did n't May tell her how it was—or why did n't Mr. Bartlett?

"Oh, Susy, you will make a first-class lawyer if you live to grow up," was Joanna's laughing reply to this. But, though Joanna laughed, Susy's words set her to thinking that perhaps there *was* a mistake somewhere, and suddenly she thought of something her mother had said to her once when she had repeated an unkind story to her: "My dear, a story twice told is two stories; and three times told, the truth is pretty well lost sight of."

But when Joanna tried to take this ground with the girls, she could get no hearing, for Cathy Bond was a power at the Hillside school, with her quick sympathies, and her quick, glib way of expressing them. To May, this quick, glib way had always been attractive; it was still more so now, when she found it ranged so warmly on her side. Yet if she had heard Cathy's repetition of her account of the garden-party conversation, I think she would have been a little startled, but she did not hear it, and so matters went on from bad to worse; that is, the story grew and grew, and one girl and another took up what they called poor May's cause, and looked, if they did not speak, their pity, until May became such a center of interest that she could not but be affected by it, could not but feel that she had reason to be very unhappy. Yet, in spite of this feeling, there was n't so much outward indication of it as one might have expected.

Joanna remarked upon this one day to Cathy, declaring that, for her part, she thought that May seemed to look very cheerful under the circumstances.

"Cheerful!" exclaimed Cathy tragically. "Why she's just wretched, but she's keeping up; you know they are having no end of giddy goings-on up there."

"Up where?"

"Why, at the Bartletts'. Lots of people are calling, and it seems that Mrs. Bartlett has any quantity of friends and relatives in Boston, and they are driving out to see her and having five o'clock tea with her, and all that sort of thing."

"And May is in it all?"

"Why, to be sure. It's a trial to her, of course, and it's as much as she can do to keep up."

"A *trial* to her. Why is it a *trial* to her?" asked Joanna, imitating Cathy's grown-up words and ways.

Cathy flamed up.

"You don't seem to have any feeling, Joanna. Don't you suppose she thinks of her own mother while these things are going on?"

This was too much for Joanna's keen common sense, and she laughed outright.

"Things going on! Calling, and drinking tea! Oh, Cathy!"

"Well, but—but—it is n't just ordinary calling; it's like—like parties," answered Cathy, flushing and stammering.

"And has n't Mr. Bartlett had whist-parties and dinner-parties many a time?"

"They were gentlemen's parties."

"Well, did n't May's Aunt Mary—her mother's own sister—have parties when she was staying there, and," triumphantly, "has n't May herself had a birthday-party every year since her mother died?"

"Yes; but that's different. This is a stranger who comes to take her mother's place."

"She's a stranger to May; but Mr. Bartlett has married this stranger just as he married May's mother."

"Yes, and I think it was horrid for him to do so."

"Oh, Cathy, lots of people marry again—the nicest and best of people."

"Well, I think it is perfectly dreadful, when there are children, to give them a strange woman in the place of their mother. It is just as selfish as it can be."

"But, Cathy, there are good stepmothers as well as bad ones. Why, stepmothers are just like other people."

"Yes, *before* they are stepmothers; but when they step into own mothers' places, they—they—"

As Cathy hesitated, Joanna laughingly broke in with, "They become wicked wolves, who are all ready to worry and devour their poor victims!" Cathy could not help joining a little in Joanna's laugh; but she said, almost in the next breath:

"Oh, you can make fun, Joanna, as much as

you like, but you 'll never make *me* believe in stepmothers!"

Just when Cathy was saying this, just when Joanna was wrinkling up her forehead and wanting to say impatiently, "Oh, you little pig of prejudice!" around the corner, where they stood talking, there suddenly appeared a big open carriage, full of gayly dressed people.

"There she is!" whispered Cathy, pointing with a nod of her head to a lady who was smilingly speaking to the gentleman sitting next to her.

Joanna craned her neck forward eagerly. This was her first glimpse of the stepmother.

"Why, she 's a beauty!" she cried out to Cathy; "and she looks like a girl! But where 's May, I wonder?"

"Oh, yes; where 's May? You see she is n't there. I suppose she was n't wanted — there was n't room for her," answered Cathy spitefully.

But presently round the corner they heard again a light roll of wheels on the smooth road, and there appeared another carriage. It was a

little yellow wagon,— a village wagon,— and in it were May Bartlett and a young girl about her own age. May was driving. She looked more than cheerful; she looked as if she was enjoying herself very much, and she was so occupied that she failed to see her two school friends as she drove by.

Joanna laughed.

"That 's what you call 'keeping up,' I suppose, Cathy," she said slyly.

Cathy did n't answer.

"And she has got the village wagon, after all. You were perfectly sure she would n't get it, you know."

"Well, May told me that when she asked her father for it, he said he did n't believe he could afford it now, and her stepmother flushed up and looked at him so queerly, as if she did n't like it, and so, of course, May thought that was the end of it. But I suppose when he came to think it over he was ashamed not to get it for her."

Joanna wrinkled up her forehead again, but she kept her thoughts to herself.

(To be continued.)

## DREAMS.

BY S. WALTER NORRIS.



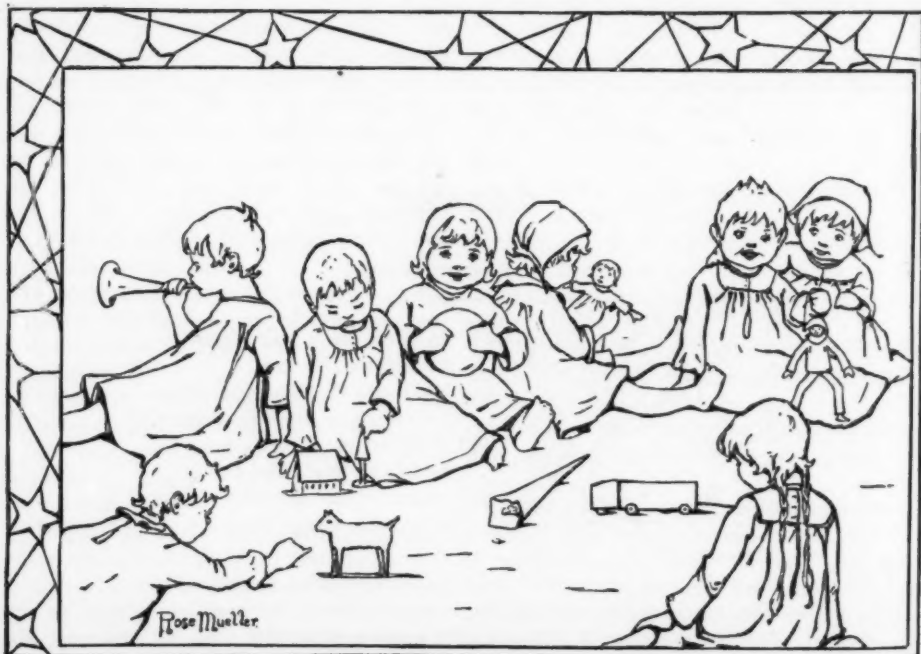
OME tiny elves, one evening, grew  
mischievous, it seems,  
And broke into the store-room where  
the Sand-man keeps his dreams,  
And gathered up whole armfuls of  
dreams all bright and sweet,  
And started forth to peddle them  
a-down the village street.

Oh, you would never, never guess how queerly these dreams sold;  
Why, nearly all the youngest folk bought dreams of being old;  
And one wee chap in curls and kilts, a gentle little thing,  
Invested in a dream about an awful pirate king;

A maid, who thought her pretty name old-fashioned and absurd,  
Bought dreams of names the longest and the queerest ever heard;  
And, strange to say, a lad, who owned all sorts of costly toys,  
Bought dreams of selling papers with the raggedest of boys.

And then a dream of summer and a barefoot boy at play  
Was bought up very quickly by a gentleman quite gray;  
And one old lady—smiling through the grief she tried to hide—  
Bought bright and tender visions of a little girl who died.

A ragged little beggar girl, with weary, wistful gaze,  
Soon chose a Cinderella dream, with jewels all ablaze—  
Well, it was n't many minutes from the time they came in sight  
Before the dreams were all sold out and the elves had taken flight.



HAPPY CHARITY CHILDREN.



## BY-AND-BY

by Eva Ogden.



he World was as full of cobwebs  
As ever a world could be  
They covered the grass in the meadow  
They covered the sedge by the sea.  
You could enter never a woodland path  
But you felt across your face  
The clinging of a cobweb  
Like a thread of filmy lace.



ow the dearest of dear old women  
In her little house down by the shore  
Had brushed and scrubbed  
And polished and rubbed  
Till she could do no more





So she sat down to rest on the door-stone,  
With her long-handled broom in her hand,  
And her eyes went thoughtfully wandering  
Away over sea and land.

She saw the webs in the meadow,  
She noted the webs on the sedge,  
And the gossamer threads that floated  
Between her and the hedge.



The neat **old woman** shook her head  
And sadly raised her eyes,  
When - **Spirits of Spiders!** - what should she see  
But cobwebs in the skies!

Like films of lace  
They lay on the face  
Of the far off heavenly blue,  
And tangled and spun  
Till even the **Sun**  
Couldnt - try as he might -  
break through.



Then she said - that dear **old woman**  
With a glance of her keen dark eye,  
"Shall I idle away my time on earth,  
With cobwebs in the sky?"

**S**he went to the Men of Gotham,  
 Three wise men were they,  
 They were squaring the circle every one  
 With three long pipes of clay.



**O Men of Gotham!**  
**O Gothamite men!**  
 Ye who are called the wise!  
 Help me I pray  
 To travel to-day  
 Up to the far off skies!"

They looked at their circles, they looked at the dame  
 And wild was each sunken eye;  
 But never a word  
 The Old Woman heard  
 Save a mutter of "By-and-By!"



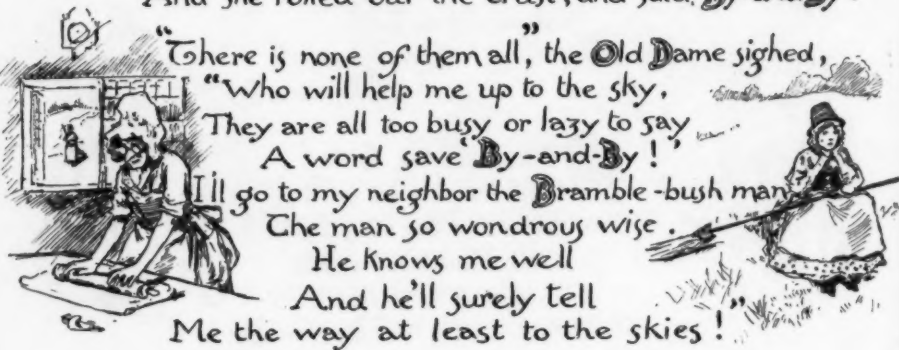
**O Man on the Stile!**  
 Don't sit there and smile,  
 Come show me the way to the sky!  
 But the Man on the Stile  
 Continued to smile  
 And answered her "By-and-By!"



"**N**ow Peter, good Piper! your pickle forget  
 And help me up to the sky!"  
 But he looked at his peppers, there was n't a peck.  
 And he answered her, "By-and-By!"



"**I**'ll go to the Dame down under the Hill  
 If she can help me I know she will."  
 But the truthful Old Woman was making a pie,  
 And she rolled out the crust, and said, "By-and-By!"



"There is none of them all," the Old Dame sighed,  
 "Who will help me up to the sky,  
 They are all too busy or lazy to say  
 A word save By-and-By!"  
 "I'll go to my neighbor the Bramble-bush man  
 The man so wondrous wise.  
 He knows me well  
 And he'll surely tell  
 Me the way at least to the skies!"



o she put on her beautiful green calash  
And started, broom in hand,  
For the house of her neighbor the Bramble-  
A mile away over the sand. [bush Man



Man of the Brambles!  
O Bramble-bush Man!  
O Man so wondrous wise!  
Will you tell me the way  
I must travel to-day  
To reach the far off skies?



“**P**rithee, tell me why  
 Thou seekest the sky,  
 For the rain is coming apace  
 “Now Bramble-man, hush!  
 I go to brush  
 The cobwebs from its face”

“**T**hen up and away, and over, and on  
 Till thou the place hast found  
 Where the Rainbow ladder that reaches the skies  
 Rests with its end on the ground  
 And climb by day and climb by night  
 Each slippery sevenfold round.”

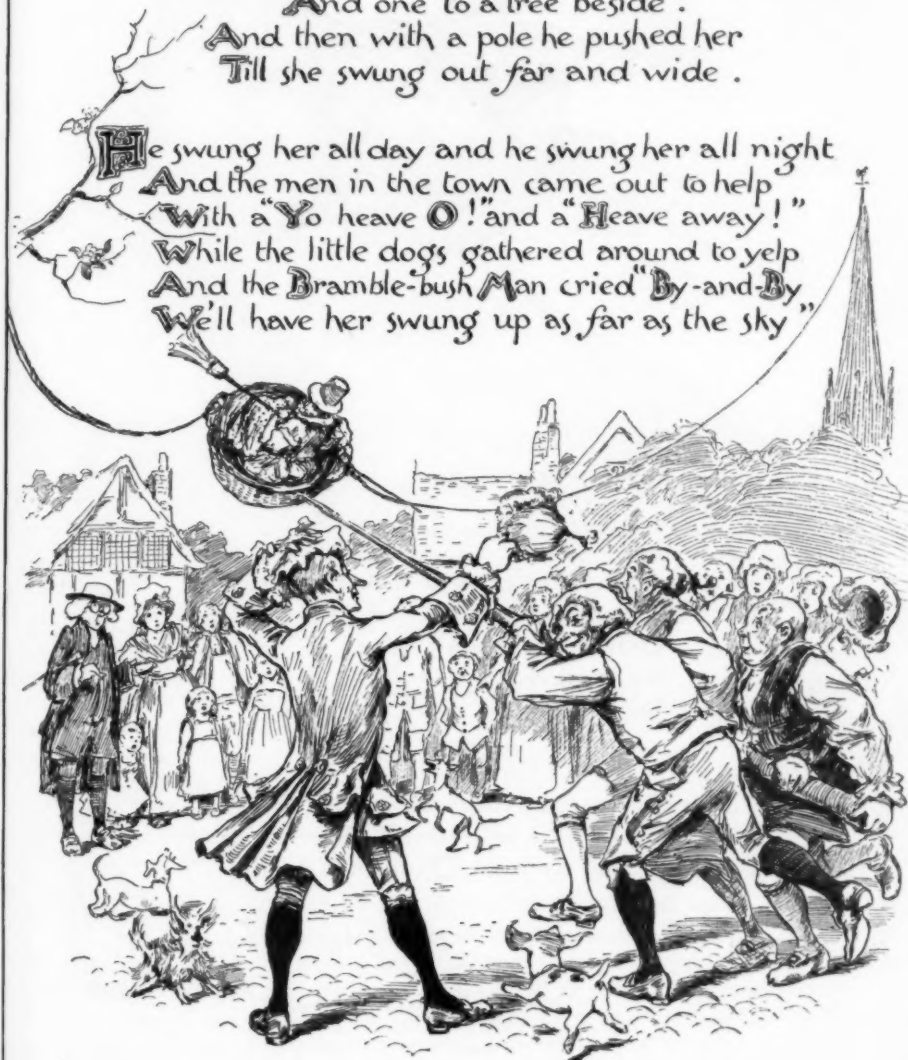


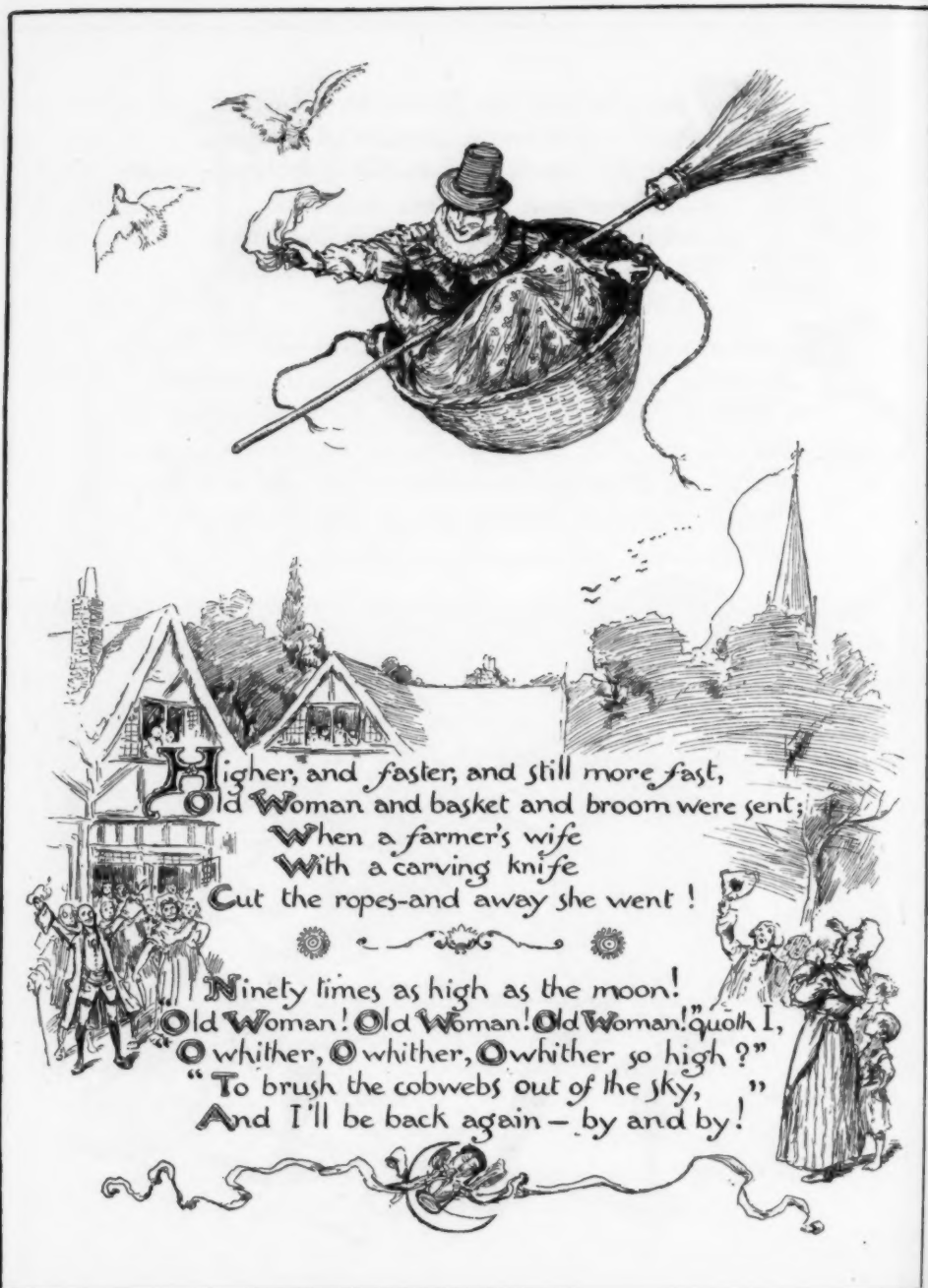
“**N**ay said the Dame “I can not so  
 The road is too long, and my feet are too slow  
 I must seek some other way to go.”

“**O**ld Woman! Old Woman! Old Woman! quoth he.  
 “You’re bound to have your own way I see  
 So if you don’t like it, you needn’t blame me.”

**T**hen he put the Dame in a basket  
 And ropes to the handles he lied,  
 And one he made fast to the old church tower  
 And one to a tree beside.  
 And then with a pole he pushed her  
 Till she swung out far and wide.

**H**e swung her all day and he swung her all night  
 And the men in the town came out to help  
 With a "Yo heave O!" and a "Heave away!"  
 While the little dogs gathered around to yelp  
 And the Bramble-bush Man cried "By-and-By"  
 We'll have her swung up as far as the sky."





Higher, and faster, and still more fast,  
Old Woman and basket and broom were sent;  
When a farmer's wife  
With a carving knife  
Cut the ropes-and away she went!

Ninety times as high as the moon!  
"Old Woman! Old Woman! Old Woman!" quoth I,  
"O whither, O whither, O whither so high?"  
"To brush the cobwebs out of the sky,  
And I'll be back again - by and by!"

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OF JUNGLE SC

"I'LL WAIT FOR YOU. COME ON!"

## THE PROFESSOR AND THE PATAGONIAN GIANT.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

EARLY one morning during my third visit to Patagonia, as I was strolling upon the banks of the River Chico, keeping a sharp lookout for a choice specimen of the *Rutabaga Tremendosa*, I saw what, at the time, I supposed to be a large and isolated cliff. It looked blue, and consequently I supposed it to be at some distance. Resuming my search for the beautiful saffron blossom which I have already named, my attention was for some moments abstracted. After pulling the plant up by the roots, however, I happened to cast my eyes again toward

the supposed cliff, and you can conceive my extreme mortification and regret when I saw that it was not a cliff at all, but a giant, and, so far as I could see, one of the most virulent species.

He was advancing at a run, and although not exerting himself overmuch seemed to be going at a rate of some five kilometers a minute. Much annoyed at the interruption to my researches, I paused only long enough to deposit the *Rutabaga* securely in my botany box and then broke into an accelerated trot. Do me the justice to acquit me of any intention of entering into a

contest of speed with the pursuing monster. I am not so conceited as to imagine I can cover five or even three kilometers a minute. No; I relied, rather, on the well-established scientific probability that the giant was stupid. I expected, therefore, that my head would have an opportunity to save my heels.

It was not long before I saw the need of taking immediate steps to secure my specimens from destruction and myself from being eaten. He was certainly gaining upon me. As he foolishly ran with his mouth open, I noticed that his canine teeth were very well developed—not a proof, but strong evidence, that he was a cannibal. I redoubled my speed, keeping an eager eye upon the topography in the hope that I might find some cave or crevice into which I could creep and thus obtain time enough to elaborate a plan of escape. I had not run more than six or eight kilometers, I think (for distances are small in that part of Patagonia—or were, when I was there), when I saw a most convenient cretaceous cave.

To ensconce myself within its mineral recesses was the work of but a moment, and it was fortunate for me that it took no longer. Indeed, as I rolled myself deftly beneath a shelving rock, the giant was so near that he pulled off one of my boots.

He sat down at the entrance and breathed with astonishing force and rapidity.

"Now, if he is as stupid as one of his race normally should be," I said to myself, "he will stay there for several hours, and I shall lose a great part of this beautiful day." The thought made me restless, and I looked about to see whether my surroundings would hint a solution of the situation.

I was rewarded by discovering an outlet far above me. I could see through a cleft in the rocks portions of a cirro-cumulus cloud. Fixing my hat more firmly upon my head, I began the ascent. It did not take long. Indeed, my progress was, if anything, rather accelerated by the efforts of the attentive giant, who had secured a long and flexible switch,—a young India-rubber tree, I think, though I did not notice its foliage closely,—and was poking it with considerable violence into the cave. In fact, he lifted me some decameters at every thrust.

It may easily be understood, therefore, that I was not long upon the way. When I emerged, I was much pleased with the situation. Speaking as a military expert, it was perfect. Standing upon a commodious ledge, which seemed to have been made for the purpose, my head and shoulders projected from an opening in the cliff, which was just conveniently out of the giant's reach. As my head rose over the edge of the opening, the giant spoke:

"Aha, you're there, are you?"

"I won't deny it," I answered.

"You think you're safe, don't you?" he went on tauntingly.

"I know I'm safe," I answered, with an easy confidence which was calculated to please.

"Well," he replied, "to-night I am going to eat you for supper!"

"What, then," I asked, with some curiosity, "are you going to do for dinner?"

"Oh, if that troubles you," said he, "all you have to do is to come out at dinner-time and I will eat you then."

Evidently the giant was not a witling. His answers were apt. After a moment's reflection I concluded it was worth the effort to make an appeal to his better nature—his over-soul.

"Don't you know that it is wrong to eat your fellow-beings?" I asked, with a happy mingling of austere reproach and sympathetic pain.

"Do you mean to come out soon?" asked the giant, seating himself upon an adjacent cliff, after tearing off such of the taller and stiffer trees as were in his way.

"It depends somewhat upon whether you remain where you are," I answered.

"Oh, I shall stay," said the giant, pleasantly.

"Game is rare, and I have n't eaten a white man for two weeks."

This remark brought me back to my appeal to his higher being. "Then I shall remain here, too, for the present," I answered, "though I should like to get away before sunset. It's likely to be humid here after the sun sets. But, to return to my question, have you never thought that it was immoral and selfish to eat your fellow-creatures?"

"Why, certainly," said the giant, with a hearty frankness that was truly refreshing. "That is why," he went on, "I asked you whether you



were coming out soon. If not, I would be glad to while the time away by explaining to you exactly how I feel about these matters. Of course I could smoke you out" (here he showed me an enormous boulder of flint and a long steel rod, the latter evidently a propeller-shaft from some wrecked ocean-steamer), "but I make it a rule seldom to eat a fellow-mortal until he is fully convinced that, all things considered, I am justified in so doing."

The allusion to the smoking-out process convinced me that this was no hulking ignoramus of a giant, and for a moment I began to fear that my *Rutabaga Tremendosa* was lost to the world forever. But the latter part of his speech re-assured me.

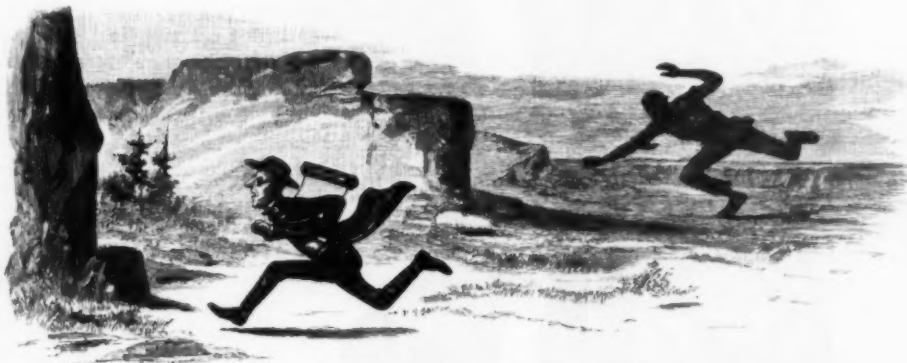
"If you can convince me that I ought to be eaten," I said, willing to be reasonable, "I shall

found employment upon a farm. I stayed there three days. Then I was told that it cost more to keep me than I was worth; which was true. So I left. Then I went to work on a railroad. Here I did as much as twenty men. The result was a strike, and I was discharged."

"Is there much more autobiography?" I asked as politely as I could, for I was not at all interested in this unscientific memoir.

"Very little," he answered. "I can sum it up in a few words. Wherever I tried to get work, I was discharged, because my board was too expensive. If I tried to do more work to make up for it, the other men were dissatisfied, because it took the bread out of their mouths. Now, I put it to you, what was I to do?"

"Evidently, you were forced out of civilization," I answered, "and compelled to rely upon



"I SAW THE NEED OF TAKING IMMEDIATE STEPS TO SAVE MY SPECIMENS."

certainly offer no objection. But I confess I have little fear that you will succeed."

"I first discovered that I was a giant," he said, absently chewing the stem of the India-rubber tree, "at a very early age. I could not get enough to eat. I then lived in New York City, for I am an American, like yourself."

We bowed with mutual pleasure.

"I tried various sorts of work, but found I could not earn enough at any of them to pay my board-bills. I even exhibited myself in a museum, but found there the same trouble.

"I consulted my grandfather, who was a man of matured judgment and excellent sense. His advice was to leave the city and try for work in the country. I did so, and after some little trouble

nature for your sustenance. That is," I went on, to forestall another question, "you had to become a hunter, trapper, or fisherman,—for of course, in your case, agriculture was out of the question, as you could n't easily get down to the ground, and would crush with your feet more crops than you could raise with your hands."

His eyes sparkled with joy at being so thoroughly understood. "Exactly," he said. "But the same trouble followed me there. Wherever I settled, the inhabitants complained that what I ate would support hundreds of other people."

"Very true," I answered; "but, excuse me, could you hand me a small rock to sit upon?—it is tiresome to stand here."



"Come out," he said. "You have my word of honor, as a compatriot of George——"

"Say no more!" I broke in hastily.

I came out, and was soon, by his kind aid, perched upon the branch of a tree conveniently near.

"This argument," he said, sighing, "met me at every turn; and after much cogitation I could see no solution of the difficulty. No matter how far from the 'busy haunts of men' I proceeded, it was only to find that food grew scarcer as men were less numerous. At last I reached Patagonia, and after a few years I have eaten it almost bare. Now, to what conclusion am I driven?"

I thought it over. At last I said:

"I see the extremities to which you are reduced. But upon what principle do you proceed to the next step—cannibalism?"

"The greatest good to the greatest number," said he. "Whenever I eat an animal, I diminish the stock of food which supports mankind, but whenever I eat a man, I diminish the number to be supported. As all the wise men agree that it is the subsistence which is short, my course of action tends ultimately to the greater happiness of the race."

This seemed very reasonable and 'for a moment I was staggered. Then a happy thought

"'ANA, YOU 'RE THERE, ARE YOU?'"

came to me, and I suggested that if he should allow himself to die of starvation the demand for subsistence would be still more reduced.

He shook his head sadly. "I used to hope so myself. But the experience of some years, tabulated and reduced to most accurate statistics, has convinced me beyond a doubt that I can catch and eat enough men, in a year, to more than make up for what would be saved if I should allow my own organism to cease its active exertions in the cause of humanity."

I thought very carefully over these arguments and was unable to pick a flaw in them.

"As a man of science," I said, after a pause, "I could wish that this interview might be reported to the world."

"Give yourself no uneasiness. It shall be done," said the giant.

"And I should also be glad to have the *Rutabaga Tremendosa* forwarded very soon to the Metropolitan Museum," I said thoughtfully.

"With pleasure," said the giant.

There was no excuse for further delay.



THE GIANT AND THE PROFESSOR SETTLE IT AMICABLY.

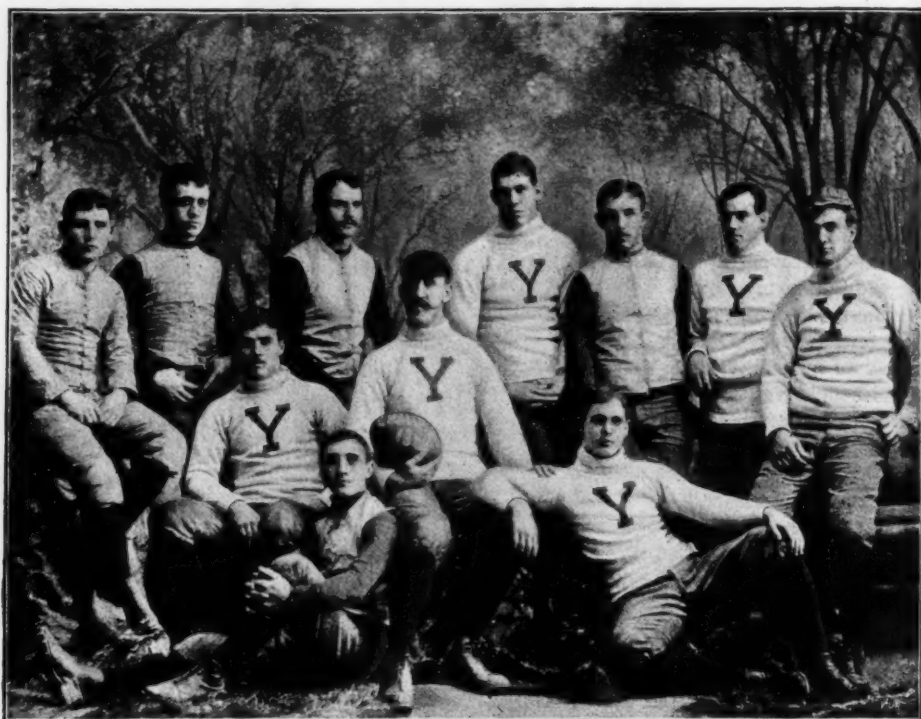
"And are you convinced?" asked the giant, speaking with much kindly consideration.

"Perfectly," I said, and kicked off the other boot.

[Note, by the giant.—In accordance with Professor Muddlehead's last wishes I have reported our full conversation verbatim. In fact, much of the foregoing account was revised by the Professor himself, before supper. He would have been glad, I have no doubt, to have gone over the paper again, but the bell rang and he was too considerate to keep the table waiting. He had many excellent tastes, and there was a flavor of originality about the man—a flavor I like. I enjoyed meeting him very much, and regret that my principles were such as to preclude a longer and less intimate acquaintance. I forwarded the specimen to the museum as directed, and received in return an invitation to visit the building in New York. Though I can not accept the kind invitation, I should find it gratifying to have the trustees at my own table.]

## INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL IN AMERICA.

By WALTER CAMP.



STAGG. RHODES. WOODRUFF. HEFFELFINGER. GILL. WALLACE. BULL.  
MCCLEUNG. CORBIN. GRAVES.  
WURTEMBERG.

YALE FOOT-BALL TEAM OF 1888.

"WHAT makes a good foot-ball player?" is a question asked over and over again. Many are the answers given, but no answer is correct that does not contain the word "pluck." The same elements that go to make up excellence in any of the other field sports are requisite in foot-ball; but while in certain of the others that peculiar type of courage called pluck is only required in a moderate degree, in foot-ball it is absolutely indispensable. Many a man has said: "Oh! I am too small to play foot-ball; I could n't get on the team." Such a man makes a mistake.

Look at the records of our players and see how full they are of the names of small men. Withington, Cushing, Harding, Hodge, Beecher, and twenty others, have played weighing under a hundred and forty! Nor has it been that their deeds have been remembered because performed by such small men. These men made points as well as reputations. There is a place on the foot-ball field for a man, no matter what he weighs; and that brings to mind a remarkable pair of boys and what they did for a Yale team at one time. One was the son of a United States Senator

from Massachusetts, and the other a younger brother of a well-known Brooklyn lawyer. They were classmates at Yale, and had done more or less foot-ball work during the course. These two men weighed about a hundred and twenty-five pounds apiece, or together a little over the weight of the 'varsity snap-back. In that year the 'varsity team was suffering from a combination of two disorders—over-confidence and lack of strong practice. None knew this better than these two little chaps, for they understood the game thoroughly. One day, then, they appeared at the field in their foot-ball toggery, and without assistance from the 'varsity captain set at once to work upon organizing the "scrub side," as the outside or irregular players are called. One of them played center and the other quarter, and it was not many days before the scrub side began to have a game and a way of its own. The overfed, underworked university players began to find that they could n't have things all their own way. Such tricks were played upon them that they were forced to wake from their apathy. These two boys began to show them the way to make use of brains against weight and strength, and the scrub side, that a week or two before had been unable to hold the 'varsity even enough to make the contest interesting, actually had the audacity to score against them once or twice every afternoon. How those two ever got such work out of the rabble they had to handle, no one knows to this day; but it was the making of the 'varsity team, for it speedily developed under this experience into one of Yale's strongest teams, and I have often heard one of that team remark since that he'd rather play against any team in the Association than against the "scrubs" led by "Pop" Jenks and "Timmy" Dawes.

This brings us to another quality: the *brains* of a team. That team is the best which has the most brains. Foot-ball is, even now, an undeveloped sport. There is room for an almost infinite number of as yet unthought-of plays. Every season brings forward many new ones. If a player wishes to devote a little of his spare time to a fascinating amusement, let him take pencil and paper and plan out combinations in the evening, and try them the next day. He will soon find that he is bringing out not only

new but successful plays. Some think that the captain of the 'varsity team is the only one who has an opportunity to try this; but if two or three on the scrub side will make the attempt they will find that a 'varsity team is no more proof against a new scheme than the veriest scrub team in existence. In fact, oftentimes the 'varsity players are so sublime in their own consciousness of superiority that they are the simplest men on the field to lead into traps and defeat by a little exercise of ingenuity. If a boy at school is n't on the first team, he can get together a few men of the second team and have the satisfaction of actually showing his betters how to play.

"Play not for gain but sport," is thoroughly sound; but it means play honestly and hard, not listlessly and carelessly, and make it your sport to win. Then if you lose, put a good face on it; but go home and think out a way to win next time. Brains will beat brute strength every time if you give them fair play.

Endurance is another element of success. Plenty of dash when it is necessary, but behind it there must be the steady, even, staying qualities. For these, good training is chiefly responsible; because, although natural endurance does exist in some men, it is not common, while the endurance of well-trained men is a thing that can be relied upon with confidence.

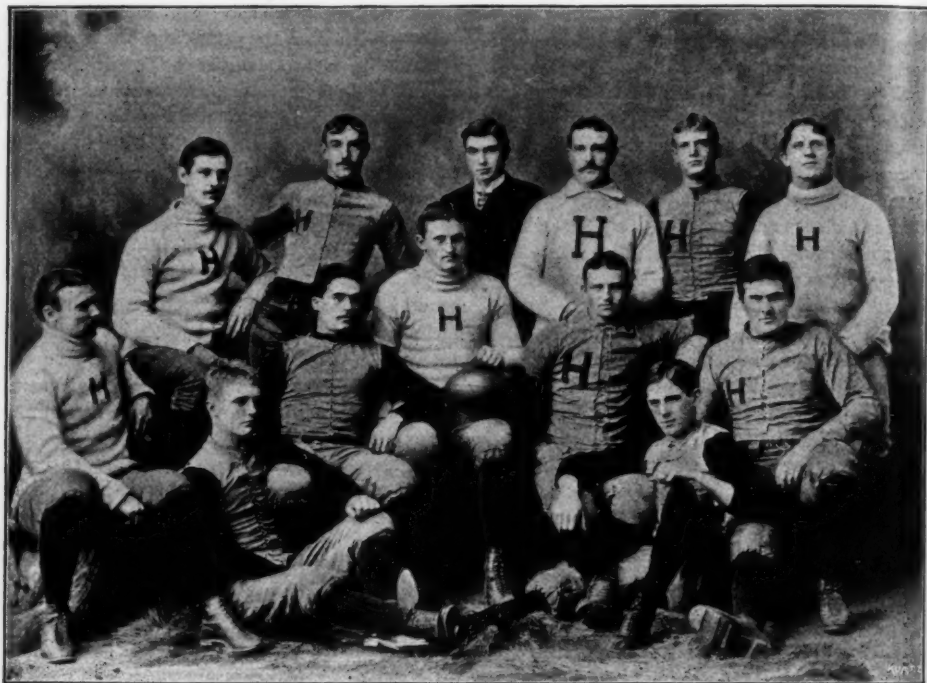
A direct case in point was a victory of Princeton over Yale, in 1878. Upon the Yale team were some three or four men, upper class men, who thought that they had done enough training in former years, and they therefore made but a pretense of following out the rules of strict training. The example of these men affected several of the other players to such an extent that there was great laxity. Up to the time of the final contest, this team had performed well, and it was generally believed that they would have no great difficulty in defeating Princeton.

In the first half of the game they pressed the Orange men hard, and several times all but scored. In the dressing-room at intermission there was a general impression that, with the wind, which would be in Yale's favor the second half, they must surely win. The second half began, and it was not many minutes before the Yale men found themselves steadily losing ground. There was in the Princeton runners a resistless



force that kept Yale retreating nearer and nearer to her own goal. At last, by a brilliant play, Princeton succeeded in making a touch-down

ton had come to New Haven after a long wrangle about the place of playing, and had brought a team supposed by experts through-



CARPENTER. DAVIS. DEAN. TRAFFORD. HARDING, V. WELD—MANAGER. SEARS. PORTER. WOODMAN. CUMNOCK. CROSBY. LEE. CRANSTON.

HARVARD FOOT-BALL TEAM OF 1888.

from which a goal was kicked. During the remainder of the game, Princeton, although making no further score, held Yale fast down inside the twenty-five-yard line, and the Blue went back to New Haven with a very salutary lesson on the evil of neglecting the laws of training.

These are laws which no foot-ball player can afford to ignore.

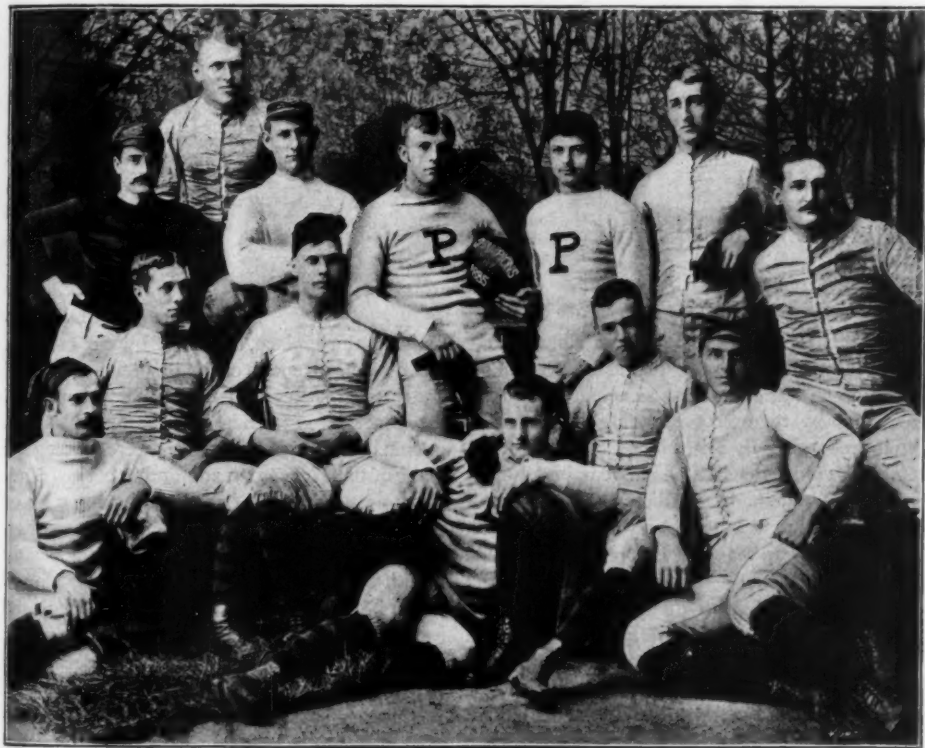
#### LAMAR'S RUN.

ONE of the most magnificent dashes ever made on an American foot-ball field was the run made by Lamar, of Princeton, in the game with Yale, which was played upon the Yale field, November 21, 1885. The game had been an unusual one in many respects. Prince-

ton had come to New Haven after a long wrangle about the place of playing, and had brought a team supposed by experts through- out the country to be sure winners. The Yale team was a green one, and none of her partisans hoped for more than a respectable showing against the Princeton veterans. But Peters, the Yale captain, had done wonders with his recruits, as the game soon showed. His team opened with a rush and actually forced the fight for the entire first half. They scored a goal from the field upon the astonished Princetonians, and, in spite of the valiant efforts put forth against them, seemed certain of victory. The feeling of the Princeton team and her sympathizers can easily be imagined. The sun was low in the horizon, nearly forty minutes of the second half were gone, and no one dared to hope such failing fortunes could be retrieved in the few remaining minutes. The ball was in

Yale's hands, half-way down the field and on the northern edge. For a moment Captain Peters hesitated, and consulted with another of his players as to whether he should continue the running game and thus make scoring against him impossible and victory certain, or send the ball by a kick down in front of his enemy's goal and trust to a fumble to increase his score. Perhaps not a dozen men knew what was in his mind. A kick was surely the more generous play in the eyes of the crowd. He settled the ball under his foot, gave the signal, and shot it back. The quarter sent it to Watkinson, who drove it with a low, swinging punt across the

attempted to catch it, but it shot off his breast toward the southern touch-line. Lamar, who had been slightly behind this man, was just starting up to his assistance from that particular spot. As the ball slid off with its force hardly diminished he made a most difficult short-bound catch of it on the run, and sped away along the southern boundary. The Yale forwards had all gone past the ball, in their expectation of getting it, as they saw the missed catch. Lamar, therefore, went straight along toward the half-back and back. Watkinson, the kicker, had hardly stirred from his tracks, as the entire play had occupied but a few seconds, and he was



GRIFFITH. HODGE, R. COWAN. TOLER. DE CAMP. LAMAR. HODGE, H. ADAMS.  
HARRIS. COOK. IRVINE. SAVAGE. FORD.

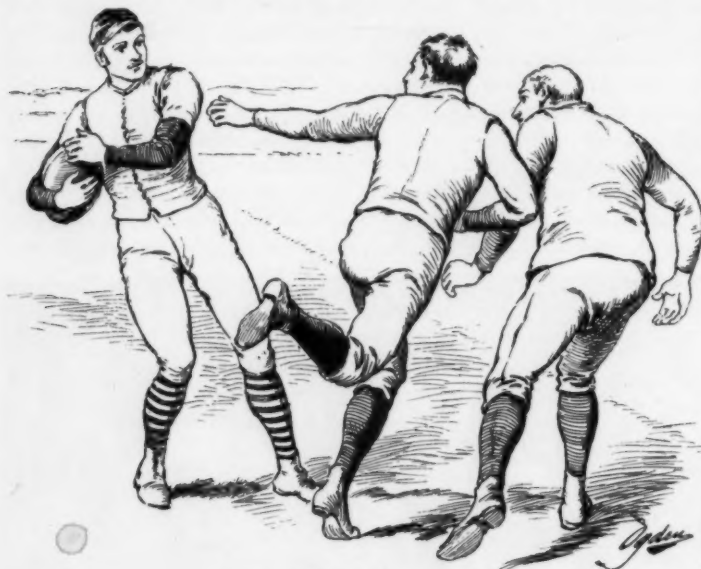
PRINCETON FOOT-BALL TEAM OF 1885.

twenty-five-yard line and toward the farther goal post. It was a perfect kick for Yale's purposes, difficult to catch and about to land close to the enemy's posts. A Princeton man

therefore too near the northern side of the field to have even a chance to cut off the runner. Lamar, with the true instinct of the born runner, saw in a moment his opportunity, and ran

straight along the southern edge as if he intended to get by there. Bull and his comrade (who then were inexperienced tacklers) were the two men in his pathway, and they both bunched

past the broad twenty-five-yard line he goes, still with three or four yards to spare. Now he throws his head back with that familiar motion of the sprinter who is almost to the tape, and who will run his heart out in the last few strides, and, almost before one can breathe, he is over the white goal-line and panting on the ground, with the ball under him, a touch-down made, from which a goal was kicked, and the day saved for Princeton.



LAMAR DODGING THE YALE TACKLERS.

#### BULL'S KICK.

THE season of 1888 had opened with a veritable foot-ball boom. The previous season had ended with a close contest between Harvard and Yale, while Princeton, although oc-

cupying third place, had had by no means a weak team. Reports of the preliminary work of the three great teams, while conflicting, pointed in a general way to an increased strength at each university. The Boston papers were lauding the work of the Harvard team, and the New York papers returning the compliment with tales of large scores by the Princeton men. Advices from New Haven showed that Yale had a far greater wealth of material from which to draw players than either of the others, so that although the actual strength of the team could not be learned, it was certain that the lugubrious reports from the City of Elms had little foundation. In this state of affairs, the first game, which was scheduled to be between the Crimson and the Orange and Black, was eagerly awaited. The game was played at Princeton, and an enormous crowd assembled to witness the match. Both sides were confident of victory, and Princeton was also determined to avenge the defeat of the former season. The day was perfect, and the game a thoroughly scientific one.

over by the line as the Princeton runner came flying down upon them. Just as he was almost upon them, Lamar made a swerve to the right, and was by them like lightning before either could recover. By this time two or three of the Yale forwards, Peters among them, had turned and were desperately speeding up the field after Lamar, who was but a few yards in advance, having given up several yards of his advantage to the well-executed maneuver by which he had cleared his field of the half-back and back. Then began the race for victory. Lamar had nearly forty yards to go, and, while he was running well, had had a sharp "breather" already, not only in his run thus far, but in his superb dodging of the backs. Peters, a strong, untiring, thoroughly trained runner, was but a few yards behind him, and in addition to this he was the captain of a team which but a moment before had been sure of victory. How he ran! But Lamar—did he not too know full well what the beat of those footsteps behind him meant? The white five-yard lines fairly flew under his feet;

Although Harvard battled manfully up to the very last moment, she could not overcome the lead which Princeton had obtained early in the game, and was at last forced to return to Cambridge defeated. The hopes of Princeton soared up that afternoon to the highest pitch, and those who were well posted on the relative merits of foot-ball players agreed with them that their prospects were indeed of the brightest. Had it not been for news which came over the wires that evening from New Haven, it would have been concluded that Princeton would find an easy prey in Yale. But that news was something startling. It seems that the Yale-Wesleyan championship game had been played that same day. Harvard and Princeton had each already met Wesleyan, but neither had scored over fifty points against them. The astonishment of all foot-ball men was great, then, when the news came that Yale had made the almost unprecedented score of 105 against the Middletown men. This, then, was the state of affairs previous to the Yale-Princeton match. Harvard was now out of the question, owing to her defeat by Princeton, and all interest centered in this final contest. The day, while not very promising in its morning aspect, turned out propitious toward noon, and fully fifteen thousand people crowded the Polo Grounds before the players stepped out on the field. A perfect roar of applause greeted the entrance of the rival teams, and as they lined out facing one another not even the most indifferent could help feeling the thrill of suppressed excitement that trembled through the vast throng. The game began, and for twenty-five minutes first one side gained a slight advantage, then the other, but neither had been able to score. The

Yale men had a slight advantage in position, having forced the ball into Princeton's territory. So manfully were they held from advancing closer to the coveted goal, that people were beginning to think that the game might result in a draw, neither side scoring. At this point Yale had possession of the ball. That slight change in position,—that massing of the forwards toward the center and the closing up of the back,—that surely means something! Yes, Princeton sees it too, and eagerly her forwards press up in the line with their eyes all centered on the back, for it is evident he is to try a drop-kick for goal. This bright-faced, boyish-looking fellow, with a rather jaunty air, is Bull, Yale's famous drop-kicker. He seems calm and quiet enough as



LAMAR AFTER PASSING YALE'S TWENTY-FIVE-YARD LINE.

he gives a look of direction to the quarter and with a smile steps up to the spot where he wishes the ball thrown. There is a moment of expectancy, and then the whole forward line seems torn asunder, and through the gap comes a mass of Princeton rushers with a furious dash, but just ahead of them flies the ball, from the quarter, straight and sure into Bull's outstretched hands. It hardly seems to touch them, so quickly does he turn the ball and drop it before him, as with a swing of his body he brings him-

self into kicking attitude, and catching the ball with his toe, as it rises from the ground, shoots it like a bolt just over the heads of the Princeton forwards, and—down he goes in the rush! The

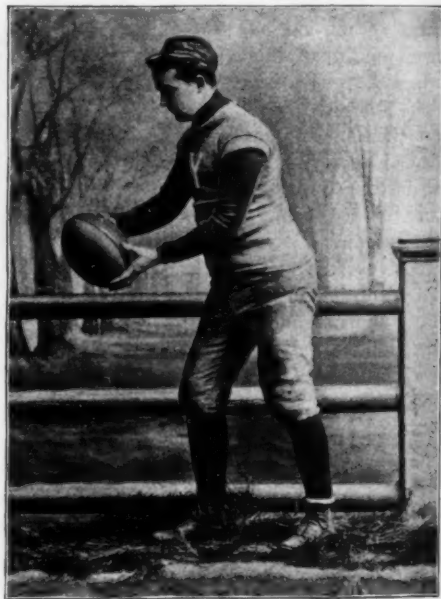


LAMAR, OF PRINCETON.

ball, however, sails smoothly on, high in the air, just missing by a few feet the wished-for goal.

A sigh of relief escapes from the troubled breasts of Princeton sympathizers as they realize that, for a time, at least, the danger is past. The Orange and Black bring the ball out for a kick-out, and work desperately to force it up the field, having had too vivid a realization of danger to desire a repetition. Again, however, they are driven steadily back until the Yale captain thinks he is near enough to give Bull a second opportunity, and at a signal the formation for a kick is again made. Bull, a little less smiling, a trifle less jaunty in his air, again takes his position. Again Princeton opens up the line and drives her forwards down upon him, but again that deadly drop sails over their heads; this time a foot nearer the black cross-bar. Another kick-out by Princeton follows,

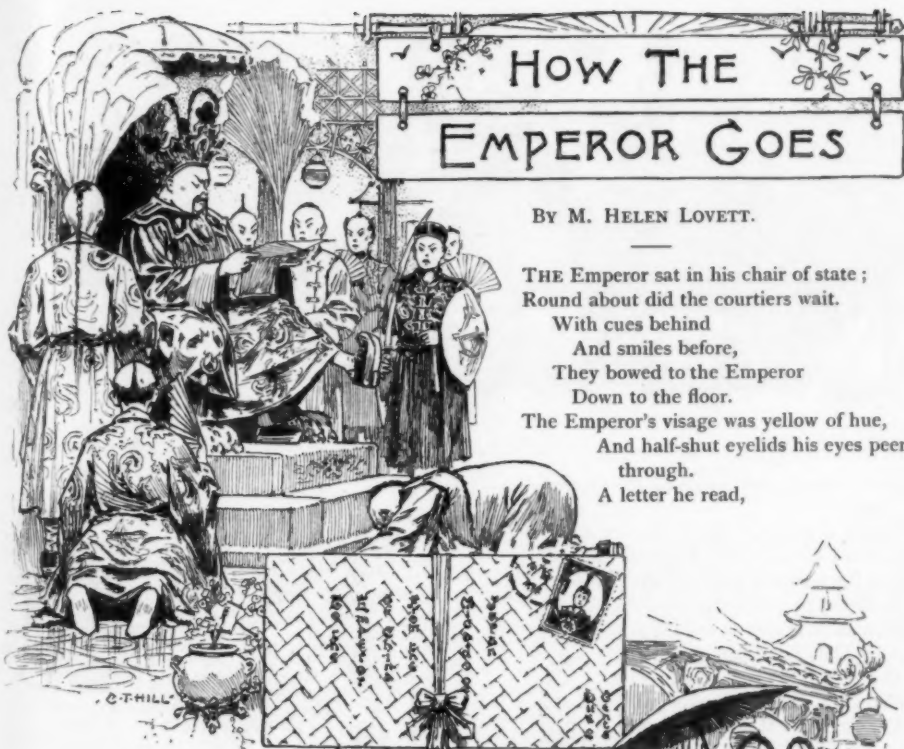
and another desperate attempt to force the blue back to the center of the field, but with a maddening persistency, and with a steady plunging not to be checked, the gray and blue line fights its way, yard by yard, down upon the Princeton territory. Captain Corbin glances once more at the goal, sees that his line is near enough, and again gives the signal. Bull steps up for the third time, and his smile has flown. He realizes that twice have his ten men carried the ball for him up to the very door of victory, only to see him close that door in their faces. His lips are firmly set as his resolve shows itself in every line of his well-knit frame. He settles himself firmly on his feet and gives the signal for the ball to come. For the third time the little quarter hurls it from under the very feet of the plunging mass, and this time Bull sends it true as a bullet straight over the cross-



BULL, OF YALE.

bar between the posts. With a yell of delight the Yale men rush madly over the ropes and seize the successful kicker. In the second half Bull has but one opportunity; but he takes advantage of that one to score another goal, and when the game is over is borne off in triumph by the rejoicing Yalensians, the hero of the day.





# HOW THE EMPEROR GOES

BY M. HELEN LOVETT.

THE Emperor sat in his chair of state ;  
Round about did the courtiers wait.

With cues behind  
And smiles before,  
They bowed to the Emperor  
Down to the floor.

The Emperor's visage was yellow of hue,  
And half-shut eyelids his eyes peered  
through.  
A letter he read,

Then he nodded his head,  
And, "Indeed it's quite true," he frequently said.  
For the letter described in words glowing like flame  
Great Chinaland's glory, her Emperor's fame.

It came from Japan, from the Emperor there  
(I don't know his name, but perhaps you don't  
care),

And it went on to say,  
In the pleasantest way :

"Good Brother of China, best greeting to-day.  
I beg you 'll accept, as a very small token  
Of my regard, which can never be spoken,  
This coach and four.

From England, you see,  
The Englishmen sent it  
A present to me.

The kindly barbarians tendered me two ;  
As I can't use both, I now send one to you."

Well pleased was the Emperor.

"Bring it up here.  
You fellows, stand back there ! —



And make the  
way clear."

"Pardon, Your Majesty,  
That can not be ;

The coach will not go through the doorway, you  
see."



There came a dark frown on the Emperor's brow.

"Then I'll go down, for I must see it now."  
So down the stairs the Emperor ran,  
And the courtiers followed, every man;  
As fast as they can they scuffle and run  
After their master to see the fun.  
After him, mind you, for you see,  
The rule of the best society  
Had been, for thousand of years and more:  
"The Emperor always goes before."

The coach and four at the palace door  
Was as large as life, or a size or two more.  
With coachman and footman all complete,  
And cushions of silk on the very best seat.  
And round about in procession they walked,  
And examined it all, and stared and talked.  
And the Emperor rubbed his hands with pride —  
"I'll climb up in front there and take a ride."  
But the coachman said, "Your Majesty,



The seat inside is for you, you see;  
The one in front 's where the driver sits —"

"WHAT? This fellow is out of his wits.  
Idiot! Don't you know the rule? —  
Were n't manners taught when you went to  
school?  
Remember this, if you know no more:  
'The Emperor always goes before.'

"That highest seat  
(Must I repeat?)  
Is the one where the Emperor ought to go.  
I can't ride aft,  
And you must be daft,



For a moment to have fancied so!"  
 And up on end each pigtail stood,  
 To think that the Emperor ever could,  
 Did, should, might or would  
 Ride behind. "Now, did you ever?"  
 "No, really, upon my word, I never."

"But how shall I drive, Your Majesty?"

"Through the windows, or,—I don't care," said he.

"That is *your* business, I should say,  
 But hand those cushions up this way."

It could n't be helped, so off they went.

The Emperor rode to his heart's content,

But long did the Emperor rue that day!

Of course the horses ran away,



And the Emperor, as you may suppose,  
 Came to the ground on his royal nose.

His royal brow had a bump for a token,

And one of the royal legs was broken.

All he could do  
 (What more could you?)

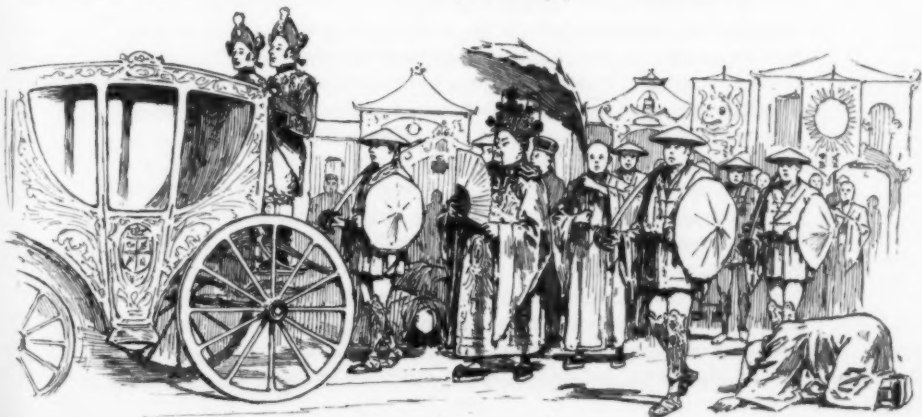
Was to hang the coachman and footman too.

And then the Emperor changed the rule,

And now you would learn, if you went to school

In Chinaland ('t is a proverb reckoned),

"We call it *first* when the Emperor's second."

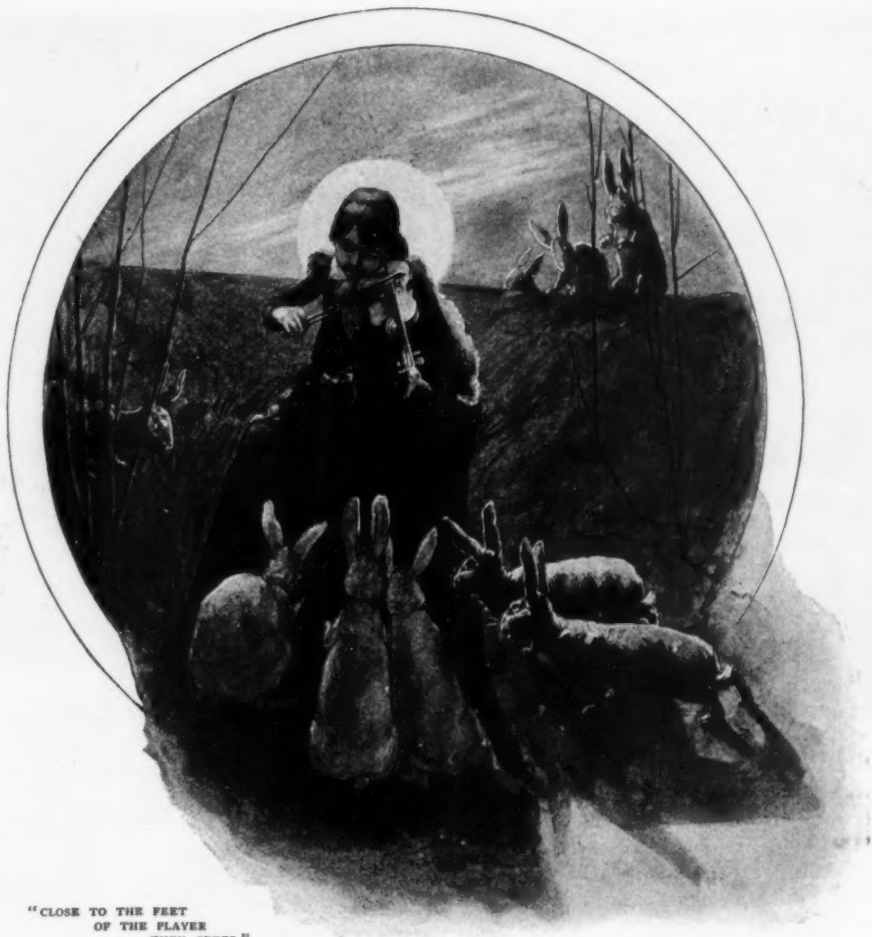




# AUTUMN REVEL

BY IDA WARNER VAN DER VOORT.

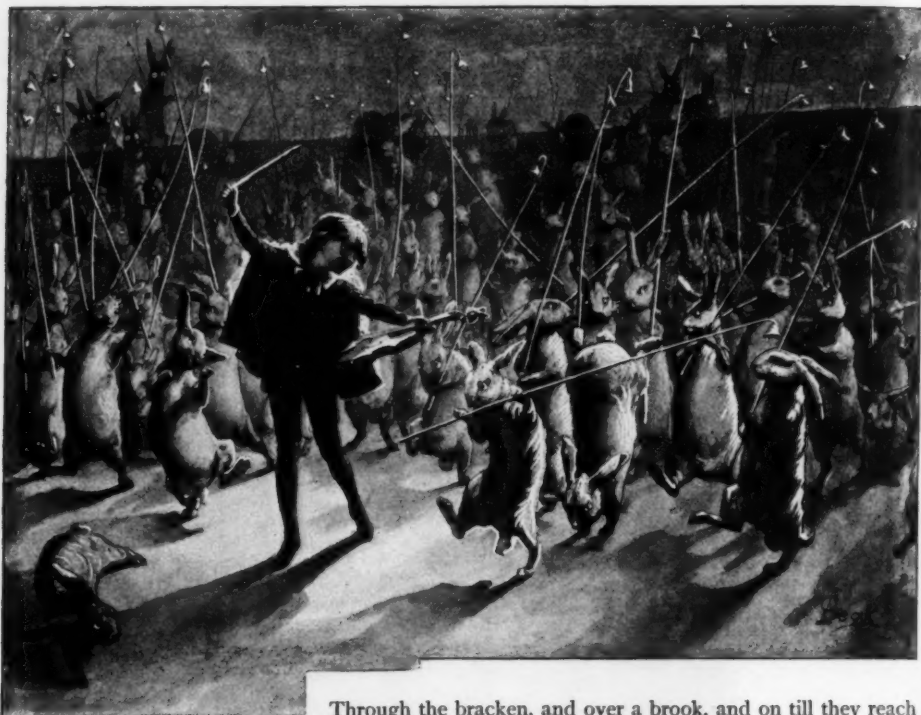
THE shadows of night lie drifted over the valley and hill,  
And earth is hushed and silent under the starlight still ;  
A low-voiced breeze is complaining among the willows and reeds,  
Where the brook creeps stealthily onward away through the flowery meads ;  
The goldenrod 's drowsily nodding, heavy with dew and perfume,  
The grasses are whispering tenderly their secrets in the gloom ;  
When hark ! thro' the hush and the starlight, a low sweet note is heard —  
A low sweet note, like the call of a dreaming, half-wakened bird ;  
On the air it lingers a moment, then trembling passes away,  
As a falling summer blossom floats down from the parent spray.  
But again and again it rises, in tones ever stronger and stronger,  
Calling, and calling, and calling, it grows ever louder and longer ;  
And see ! from behind a hill-top the ruddy-faced moon appears,  
As if she paused to listen to the strange sweet sounds she hears ;  
While dark against the brilliant disk a boyish form is seen,  
An elfish, wild-eyed lad is he, with hair of a golden sheen ;  
A bonny boy, most fair to see, and tucked beneath his chin  
He holds, and plays with loving touch, a quaint old violin.  
But what can bring him here to-night ? For whom does he wait and call ?  
For whom are they meant, those pleading strains that softly rise and fall ?  
There 's a sudden rustle of little feet within the dusky shade —  
With timid approach, and swift retreat, a rabbit comes over the glade ;  
Nearer, still nearer he comes, like stars are his eager eyes,  
They glow thro' the gloom of the evening, filled with a shy surprise ;  
And soon on every side are seen, eager, but half afraid,  
The rabbits young, and rabbits old, of every size and shade,



"CLOSE TO THE FEET  
OF THE PLAYER  
THEY CREEP."

Drawn by the notes so wild and weird, they gather from far and near;  
Advancing, retreating, on they come, pausing to listen, and peer,  
And prick their silken, sensitive ears, and turn each little head,  
Starting in fright if a withered leaf but crackles beneath their tread.  
Soon, however, their fear departs, and under the magic spell,  
Close to the feet of the player they creep, while higher the wild notes swell,  
Until, like one who wakes from a trance, the player stays his hand,  
And his large dark eyes look dreamily over the charmed band.  
A faint smile curves his rosy lips, he flings back his golden hair,  
And, slowly rising, forward moves, through the mellow moon-lit air.  
The rabbits, grasping harebell wands, alert and upright stand,  
And playing a merry elfin march, he leads them through the land.  
Past fields where the yellow corn-husks whisper in drowsy surprise;  
Past vagrant vines' detaining arms, red with the autumn dyes;





"PLAYING A MERRY ELFIN MARCH,  
HE LEADS THEM THROUGH  
THE LAND."

Through the bracken, and over a brook, and on till they reach  
a dell

Deep in the heart of an odorous wood, where night has cast  
its spell;

A mossy glade where the mounting moon but glances through clustering trees,  
And there, on a stately cabbage throne, the leader sits at ease,  
While thronged about on every side, his furry followers sing,  
As sweetly from their chiming bells a blithe refrain they ring:

*"We come from the valley, we come from the hill,  
At thy summons we rally to answer thy will.  
We hail, we hail thee with joyous delight,  
We'll dance 'neath the trees in the mystic moonlight,  
For we come from the valley, we come from the hill,  
At thy summons we rally to answer thy will."*

With a madder, merrier peal of bells, they gayly end their song,  
The violin takes up the strain, and soon the little throng  
Is whirling o'er the dewy sward to a waltz's dizzy measure,  
And not a rabbit of them all but joins the dance with pleasure.  
As round and round they wildly fly, one slips upon the moss;  
Her partner still whirls gayly on, unconscious of his loss.  
Thus many couples come to grief; exhausted, down they sink,  
Their heads spin round with giddiness the while they wink and blink.

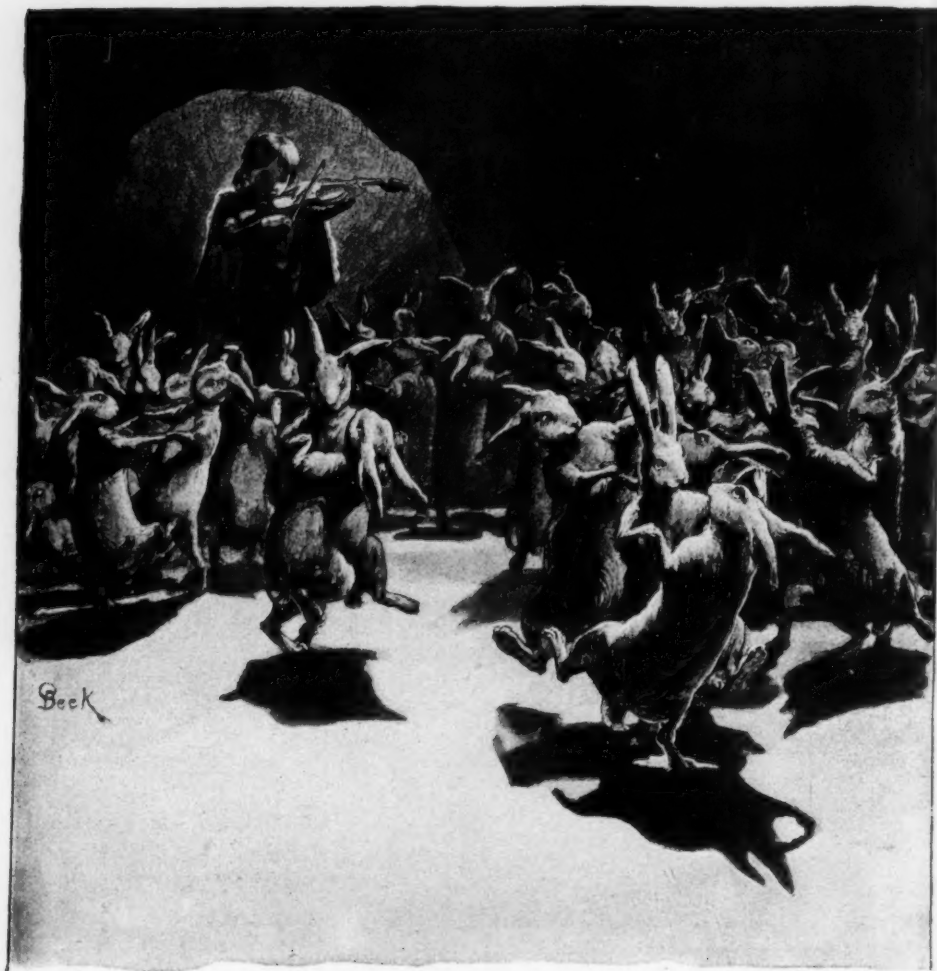
At last, of all the jolly throng, one couple 's left alone,  
 And now an impish spirit seems to rule the music's tone.  
 Fast and furious flies the bow, the antics grow more mad;  
 Such flapping ears and twinkling feet,—t would make a hermit glad;  
 Such leaps, and bounds, and capers queer, their comrades grow excited,  
 And ring their bells applaudingly, and cheer them on, delighted.



"WE COME FROM THE VALLEY, WE COME FROM THE HILL."

At length the willful measures cease, the weary dancers pause,  
 And answer with triumphant smiles the well-deserved applause.  
 The fiddler now advances, the lucky pair are crowned,  
 As King and Queen of Rabbitland they 'll reign the whole year round.  
 Then some, of course, are envious, and mutter, "Are n't they proud!"  
 As the new-made monarchs proudly turn to greet the cheering crowd.  
 But when a stately air is played, all march up two by two,

Salute the royal couple, and for grace and favor sue.  
 A cheerful banquet now is served, composed of cabbage salad;  
 (The way that cabbage disappeared would make a gardener pallid!)  
 The kind old moon, upon the wane, looks down and smiles benign,  
 In low and mystic monotone murmur the oak and pine.  
 But see!—once more the elfish lad shakes back his golden hair,  
 Draws bow across the singing strings. His summons cleaves the air.



"AND NOT A RABBIT OF THEM ALL BUT JOINS THE DANCE WITH PLEASURE."

The eager rabbits upward spring and each one grasps his bell,  
 And now begin the queerest games within the dim-lit dell.  
 One little bunny, long of ear, and with most roguish eyes,  
 Sits quite erect, while over him to leap each comrade tries;



"THE FIDDLER NOW ADVANCES, THE LUCKY PAIR ARE CROWNED."

And one falls unexpectedly upon his precious head,  
And lies a moment not quite sure if he 's alive or dead.  
Another turns a somersault just as he 's nearly over,  
And finds pine-needles, as a bed, can not compare with clover.



"A CHEERFUL BANQUET NOW IS SERVED, COMPOSED OF CABBAGE SALAD."



"AND NOW BEGIN THE QUEEREST GAMES WITHIN THE DIM-LIT DELL."

They play a royal game of "tag," and "hide-and-seek" comes after,  
While all the dusky woods resound with peals of rabbit laughter.  
Some form a ring and dance about their harebells stacked together,  
One dares to tickle the monarch's ear with downy bits of feather,  
And shakes with mirth unbounded, as his Majesty flaps and twitches,—  
No lover of fun would have missed the sight for all Golconda's riches!  
But now the music changes, the strain grows weirdly wild,  
Then sinks, and almost dies away, in cadence soft and mild;  
A pause, and then an outburst so unrestrained and glad,  
Each rabbit takes a partner and dashes off like mad.  
And round and round, and to and fro, they gayly fly, until—  
The tired old moon slips out of sight, and all is dark and still.







# IF THE BABES WERE THE BARDS.

BY FRANCIS RANDALL.



IF the little toddling babies  
Were the makers of our lays,  
You 'd find verses very different  
In a thousand startling ways.  
The babes would be exalted,  
And the rest of us appear  
As the secondary creatures  
Of a very different sphere.  
Just imagine that the baby  
Wrote the songs we here have shown  
And gave them to the world at large  
From his little baby throne :

Be kind to the baby,  
For when thou art old  
Who 'll nurse thee so tender as he,—  
Who 'll catch the first accents that fall from  
thy tongue  
Or laugh at thy innocent glee ?

Rock-a-bye, Papa,  
On the tree-top,  
When the wind blows  
The cradle will rock ;  
When the bough bends  
The cradle will fall—  
Down will come Papa  
And cradle and all.



Bye, Mamma Bunting,  
Baby's gone a-hunting,  
Gone to get a rabbit-skin  
To wrap the Mamma Bunting in.



Oh, Baby, dear Baby, come home with me now,  
The clock in the steeple strikes one;  
You said you were coming right in from the yard,  
As soon as your mud-pie was done.  
The fire's gone out; the house is all cold;  
And Mother's been watching since tea,  
With poor Father Jimmy asleep by the fire,  
And no one to help her but me.

## DAISY'S CALENDAR.

BY DAISY F. BARRY.



DO you ever keep a calendar? I have kept one all this year, and it has given me so much pleasure that I have resolved to keep one always as long as I live.

I will tell you how I came to keep it. For three or four years past, my sister has been in correspondence with the secretary of a society in which we are both very much interested; but she has been the working member, for, although I am the elder, I am never quite well.

One New Year's Eve I received a letter from the secretary telling me that he wished me to keep a calendar. "It does n't matter for us older ones," he said, "for our lives are tinted with the sober grays of evening; but you others, you young ones, who never know what is coming to you, are as happy as the song-birds one minute, and ready to break your hearts the next because of sorrow and disappointment. Your lives are like pictures with brilliant lights and deep shadows contrasted.

"Now it is a fact that all of us have more bright spots than shadows in our lives, especially while we are young, but as we grow older we do not believe it, perhaps because our sorrowful moods are easier to remember than our joyful ones; but if you keep a record of the gleams of gladness that brighten your life, you will be astonished, when you look back, to find how much happiness you have enjoyed, and then, too, it will always be a pleasure to recall the memory of past joys.

"The keeping of a calendar," he went on, "is a very easy matter. All that you need is the

calendar, a clean pen, and a bottle of red ink. Every evening you take out your calendar, and, if the day has been a happy one, draw a red line all around the date; if it brought you only some gleams of gladness, make a red dot for every gleam; and if it was a day of sorrow unrelieved by any brightness, leave the date blank, surrounded only by its own black line."

Well, of course I was delighted with the idea, and also with the calendar and pen which accompanied the letter; and as New Year's Day was a day of unalloyed gladness, although the doctor kept me a close prisoner all the time, I drew a red line all round the date.

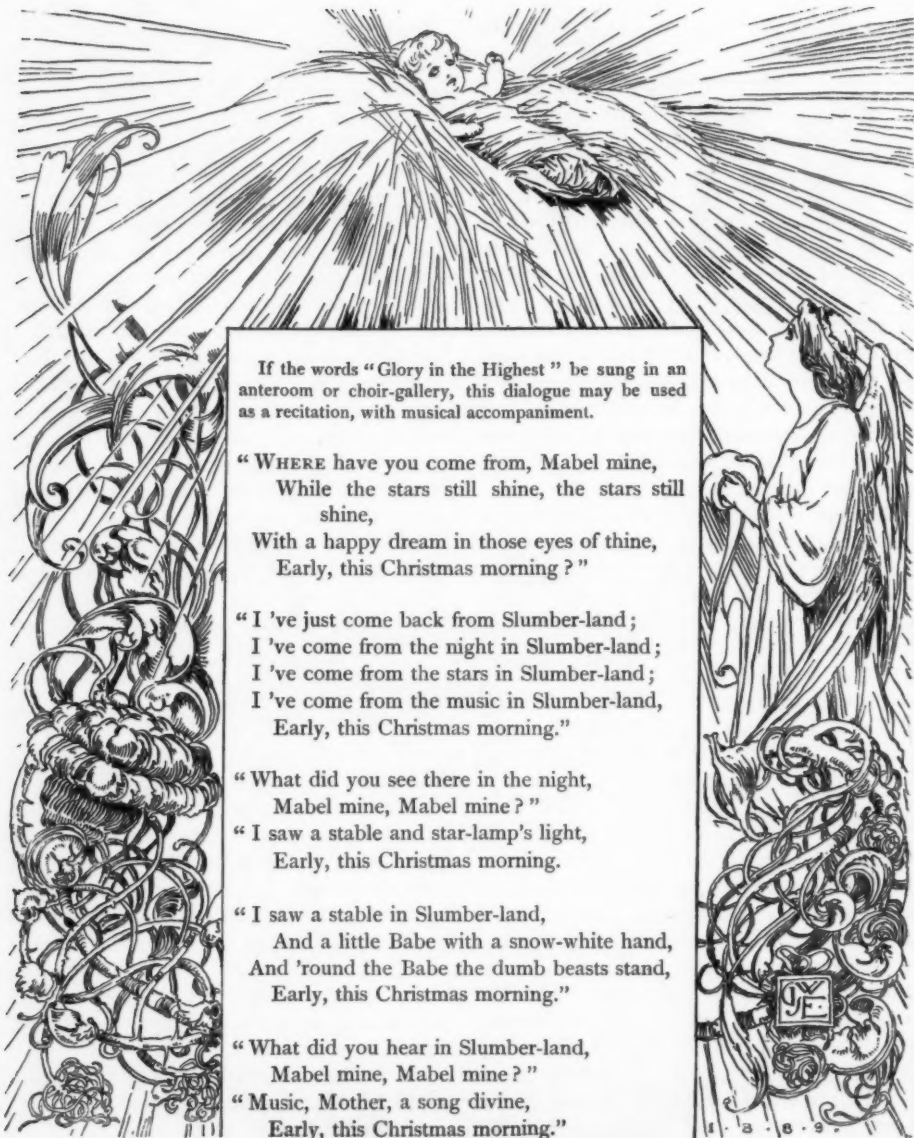
Since then my brother has had a long illness, and my mother broke down under the strain of nursing him, and me, for I was ill too; but for all that, if you could only see how my calendar is illuminated with red all through, you would be convinced that my life is a happy one; and I do really believe that it is all the brighter for my calendar. It forces me to notice the bright moments that come every day, and which would otherwise be lost in the shadows.

The calendar I have, however, was not intended for "keeping." It does very well to show which days were happy and which were not, but there is no space for writing a word or two to tell the cause of the pleasure or why some of the dates are left blank; but next year there will, perhaps, be a calendar made expressly for the use I have described. I suppose I am the first who ever kept such a calendar. Keeping a diary is quite another matter. There ought to be a space with each date for a few words to explain the causes of the brightness of some days, and the colorlessness of others.

I hope that next year everybody will keep a calendar, for I feel quite sure that all who do so will find great pleasure in it.

## FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY H. BUTTERWORTH.



If the words "Glory in the Highest" be sung in an anteroom or choir-gallery, this dialogue may be used as a recitation, with musical accompaniment.

"WHERE have you come from, Mabel mine,  
While the stars still shine, the stars still  
shine,  
With a happy dream in those eyes of thine,  
Early, this Christmas morning?"

"I 've just come back from Slumber-land;  
I 've come from the night in Slumber-land;  
I 've come from the stars in Slumber-land;  
I 've come from the music in Slumber-land,  
Early, this Christmas morning."

"What did you see there in the night,  
Mabel mine, Mabel mine?"

"I saw a stable and star-lamp's light,  
Early, this Christmas morning."

"I saw a stable in Slumber-land,  
And a little Babe with a snow-white hand,  
And 'round the Babe the dumb beasts stand,  
Early, this Christmas morning."

"What did you hear in Slumber-land,  
Mabel mine, Mabel mine?"

"Music, Mother, a song divine,  
Early, this Christmas morning."

"What was the song that the voices sung,  
When over the stable the low stars hung?"

"I can almost hear it still in the sky,  
Listen, listen,—the strain draws nigh!  
'Glory in the highest! Glory!'"

"What else did you see in Slumber-land,  
Mabel mine, Mabel mine?"

"I saw the shepherds listening stand,  
Early, this Christmas morning."

"What said the shepherds there on the plain?"

"They touched their reeds and answered the strain

'Glory in the highest! Glory!'

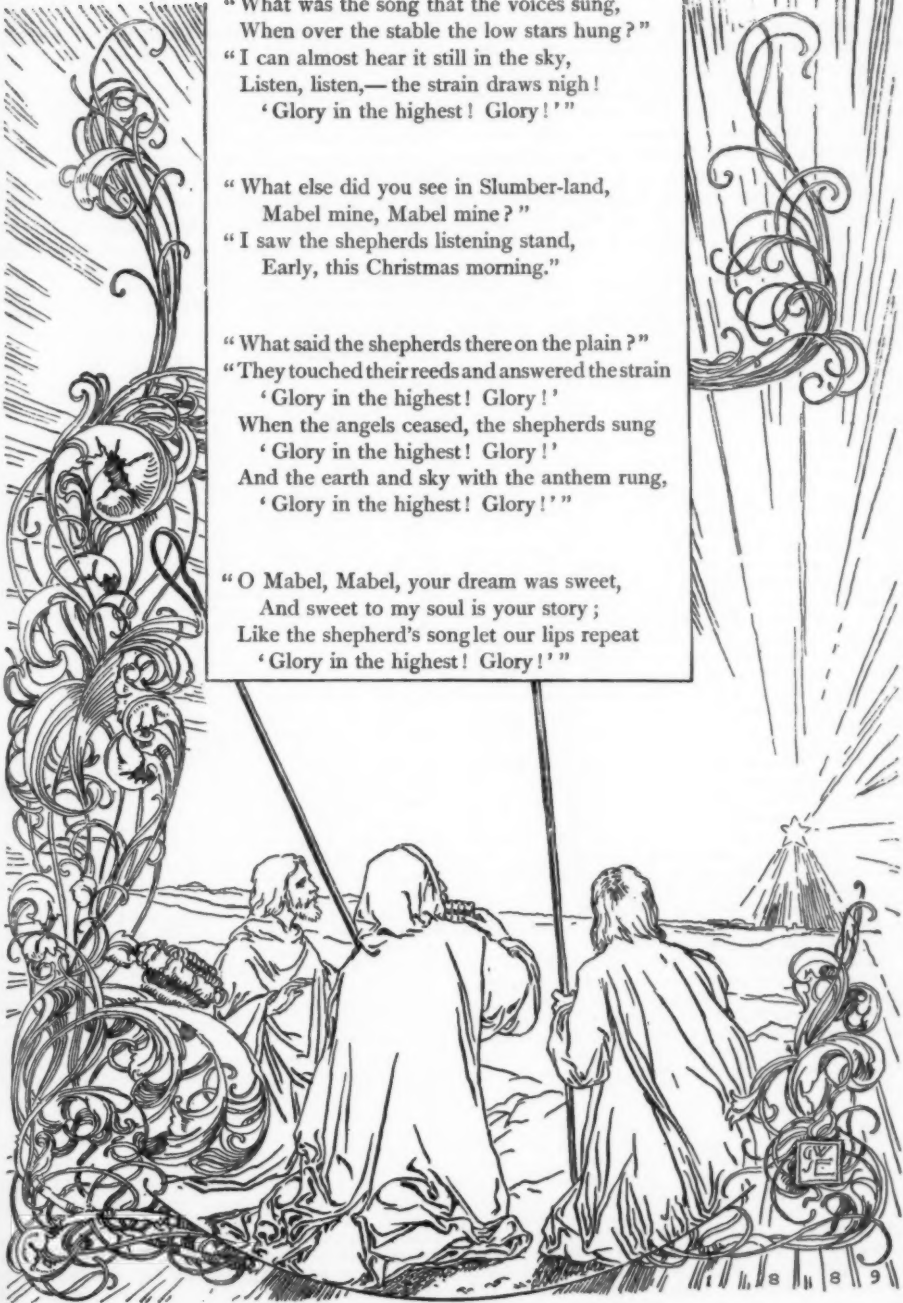
When the angels ceased, the shepherds sung

'Glory in the highest! Glory!'

And the earth and sky with the anthem rung,

'Glory in the highest! Glory!'"

"O Mabel, Mabel, your dream was sweet,  
And sweet to my soul is your story;  
Like the shepherd's song let our lips repeat  
'Glory in the highest! Glory!'"





## EDITORIAL NOTES.

"PLEASE give us some more stories by Miss Alcott—we want so much another long serial by Miss Alcott," was the request that came to us again and again from hundreds of our young readers in the years lately flown; and again and again their beloved author complied, striving to meet their demand—in heart and will devoted to her faithful work. And now that she can tell them no more, a truer story than them all has been sent out to the world by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston—a story told by her own earnest and inspiring life: "Louisa May Alcott: Her Life, Letters, and Journals. Edited by Ednah D. Cheney."

The book will endear her more than ever to thousands of boys and girls, for in some respects it is like a new part of "Little Women," appealing also to the now grown-up generation of early admirers of the brave and good

"March" family. The pages contain two excellent portraits of Miss Alcott, and fac-similes of some of her letters.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT, who has, this month, given his two pages to Mr. Butterworth's "For Christmas Day," will greet his merry crowd again in the January number.

He bids us give you, all, his compliments and the best wishes of the season. And he also asks us to correct an error that slipped into his sermon last month. The credit of those big Thanksgiving pumpkins, he says, belongs to Southern California, not to Nebraska. The photograph that came to him had, by some oversight, been wrongly inscribed—and he says no one can judge merely by the expression of a pumpkin's face where in the world it comes from. Everything depends upon its being properly presented.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

TACOMA, W. T.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You will consider me a pretty large "boy," I fancy, to write letters to the ST. NICHOLAS, when I tell you that I am a full-grown man of twenty, already in business. But I thought it might interest your young readers to get a letter from this far distant but most beautiful "City of Destiny," as it is called. We—my brother and myself—have taken your magazine ever since the first number was issued, and we have every volume complete, neatly bound. So much do we value it, that we shall continue subscribers as long as we live, and we hope our children and grandchildren may enjoy it as much as we do. You published, some years ago, a letter we sent to you, as having been the first children to make the ascent of Mount Marcy, the highest peak of the Adirondacks, in 1877. I wish you had space to publish all I should like to write about this wonderfully thriving city on the shores of Puget Sound, not very far from Alaska, and the region made famous by the Arctic exploring expeditions. I should like to interest the children of the East in the beautiful Pacific Coast country in this section of the land, so wonderful in its developments, so fertile in resources.

I hope to attempt the ascent of Mount Tacoma, over fourteen thousand feet high and always snow-capped, and, if I do, will give you my experience.

I will just mention that there are few, if any, birds here; no cats except such as are brought from other places, and a scarcity of dogs.

But I have taken up too much space already, although there is much of absorbing interest to young and old that I could write about from this distant part of our Union.

Very sincerely, your "old" boy, W. A. B—.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Morristown is a very pretty and healthy place, about thirty miles from New York; and there are many beautiful places here. There is a very fine girls' school, which I attend.

I will now tell you about my pets. I have one kitten and three turtles. My kitten, "Bright Eyes," is a small, gray striped kitten. My turtles are "Apollo," "Diana," and "Venus." Apollo is an orange and black turtle. I have not tamed him very well yet, and he is quite

cross. Diana is yellow and black, and exceedingly gentle, and feeds out of my hands. Venus is my little water-turtle. His back is black, with small, bright orange spots on it, and underneath it has three stripes, two black and one a sort of pinkish orange. He also feeds out of my hands. Turtles like to eat all kinds of berries, meat, and some vegetables. They sleep very soundly, and sometimes snore. Your constant reader, K—.

NEW RIVER, WHITE SULPHUR, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old, and I have been spending a month at these Springs with my mother and father, and my three brothers and my sister Grace. The Indians used to call the New River "The River of Death." It is so dangerous, though very beautiful. Here it flows through cliffs three hundred feet high. They are of perpendicular gray rock, and clothed with lovely vines, and, with dark cedars springing up in every nook, are just like huge ruined castles. At the foot of the cliffs the river runs so deep it has never been sounded. Seven miles from here is Mountain Lake—a salt lake three thousand feet above the level of the sea—at the top of all the mountains, and from the top of "Bald Knob," one of them, you can see five States. When ST. NICHOLAS came here this month, we each of us were willing to take care of our two-year-old brother three hours, for the sake of reading it. And Mother said she wished it would come every day. She did not think we would be like the little girl who became so sick of Christmas. The presents this ST. NICHOLAS brings of splendid stories are so much more durable than those of the other ST. NICK.

Affectionately, your friend, ANNA C. S—.

DUNMORE, PA.

MY DEAR FRIEND ST. NICHOLAS: I have intended for quite a long time to tell you about my "Mother Goose" scrap-book. My first idea of it came when I read the article in the August number, for 1883. It was called "Home-made Mother Goose," and proposed that all who were weary of pasting their advertisement cards in books, should make a book of linen, and use cards and

parts of them cut out, to illustrate the "Mother Goose" melodies. Well, I concluded to try it, and only now, in 1889, is my book completed. To begin with, I made a book out of paper-muslin, which had twenty-two leaves, and I used but one side of the page. It was no easy matter, for I often waited months for a particular part I needed. My friends all remembered me, and looked out for figures. I remember, in the rhyme, "One, two, buckle my shoe," when I came to "Eleven, twelve, toil and delve," I could find nothing that was suited for it. At last I found a card, of some children playing on the sea-shore. I put two rhymes on a page, except when they were long. Now, I did not think that the book would be very satisfactory without the words; so I printed in the rhyme with water-colors. I soon found that red and blue were the best to work with. It was rather hard to use a brush on the muslin, for, unless great care was taken, the letters would be daubed. The words are printed right in with the picture, around it, and all sides of it.

"Climbing up the Golden Stairs" was very popular at that time, so here I used my ducky cards. I illustrated the first verse. The "golden stairs" are pieces of gilt paper, pasted in like steps, which go up to the top of the page. One of the darkies is stepping up, playing on a tambourine. A little fellow is falling off the last step. He looks exceedingly surprised; while "Aunt Dinah" is traveling slowly and surely upward. The "Dude" is as dudsish as one could wish, while "Old Peter" is ready to hand you "the ticket," which happens to be a pass on the D. L. and W. R. R., over "Hoboken Ferry." I had such a time to find any "half a dollar," but a friend procured a pictured one from a bank-book, which "Sambo" offers in his outstretched hand. At last, last winter I finished it, and had it bound with a dark red, flexible cover. I named it "Pluckings from Mother Goose, by One of Her Goslings," and I dedicated it to my little sister, Nan, and her large ducky doll, "Topsy."

We children enjoy you so much, and never get tired of reading over the old stories. I wish that Mrs. Dodge would write us another story. Hers are so enjoyable. We all liked the story that has just finished, "A Bit of Color," and agree that "Betty" must have been a lovely girl; one we should like to know.

The town of Dunmore is two miles from Scranton. We have two different lines of electric cars running into the town, which make it seem very near to Scranton. Our ugly-looking culm piles are being utilized as "plants" for the making of electricity. When we go away, and see the "horse-cars," they seem very much "behind the times."

I would like to know whether any one else tried the "Mother Goose" scrap-book, and with what success.

Well, good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS, and with many wishes for a long and happy life to you, I am,

Your sincere friend, HELEN M—.

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to write a letter to my dear and esteemed friend, ST. NICHOLAS, hoping that its constant readers may see this in the "Letter-box." I am a man near fifty-eight years old, and its readers may not think a man of my age should write a letter to a magazine of its class. I like the story of "Grandpapa's Coat," and "Laetitia and the Redcoats," which we understand to be the British of those times. I shall always esteem it as my home friend. I have several volumes and will have them bound. I remain,

Your constant reader, JOSEPHUS P—.

P. S.—If proper, place this letter in "Letter-box." I enjoyed the two stories above, and could not help reading them over and over again.

LAKESIDE, LAKE ONTARIO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We—a family of six—are spending the four summer months on the shore of beautiful blue Ontario. It is a quiet place, about forty miles from Niagara Falls, with a dozen or so cottages, and a low, rambling hotel among the trees.

My mother, sister, and myself are very fond of walking, and take long tramps, seeing the country and the people, which latter we often find amusing. Our longest tramp was to Albion, a town ten miles away, and back the same day. We were only three and a half hours going in, but longer coming back.

We went one day to see an old lady who still spins and weaves her own linen and cotton. She was immensely amused to learn where we lived, and said, "To think o' comin' all the way from Washington, to go to the mouth o' Johnson's Creek! You must ha' been hard up!" She thought the President lives in the Capitol.

Another old lady told Mother she had never been away from the farm a day since she was married, but added, proudly, that she "was born south of here." Inquiry revealed the fact that she "had been born on a farm two miles south of here," and only left it for her present home.

We have found several odd localisms, one of which is, "quite a few," meaning a large number, and another, "right smart and away of a walk," means a long distance.

In June, I made a study of tadpoles, putting several into an improvised aquarium. They were almost black, about an inch long, and it was very interesting to see first the hind legs come out, then the fore legs, and, finally, the tail dwindle to nothing. At that stage they were brown, with dark spots, and barely half an inch long. I let them go, and they hopped round the road and fields. Their comrades in the little pond had all developed, and were likewise hopping in the fields.

Now, a few weeks ago, as I was watching the odd water-animals there, I saw two gray-green tadpoles, or pollywogs, nearly three inches long, with undeveloped legs. And, recently, a brilliant green froglet, about an inch and a half long, has come up to greet me. Can any country boy or girl tell me whether the smaller ones were toads? And which is the correct name—tadpoles or pollywogs?

If I have made my letter too long, dear ST. NICHOLAS, as I fear, could you please find room for the last part? I was going to write to "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," and ask him about the "tads," but he seemed to be taking a vacation with the rest of his congregation.

It is needless to tell you how much you are enjoyed, from Grandpa to the youngest. With best wishes for ST. NICHOLAS, from

EDITH F. K—.

ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your charming magazine for seven or eight years, since I was only four years old. That was while we were in Germany. How glad we were to see it every month, and how we did enjoy "Lord Fauntleroy"! Some of our German and English friends enjoyed the magazine, too, very much, and since we came back we sometimes send it over to Munich. I studied drawing there, and I hope, some day, to be able to illustrate for dear ST. NICHOLAS.

This spring we set a hen on ducks' eggs; only one came out, and the mother took care of it as long as she was shut up in a coop. When the mother was let out, she left her little duck of three weeks. Another hen, with seven chickens, at once went to the little duck's coop and took care of it at night, and took it about with her family all day. We thought she was so kind, but to our surprise, after ten days, when she had taught the duck to look after her chickens, she left them to the entire care of the little orphan nurse. We found that it

was the duck that deserved praise, for, although she is full-grown now, she never goes around with the other ducks, but still takes care of these now large chickens, and sleeps in their coop at night. Is that not a remarkable duck?

Your devoted reader,

G. B. C—.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if any of your little readers ever had such a nice present as mine on my ninth birthday,—a full set of ST. NICHOLAS, handsomely bound! That was a year ago, and I think there has not been a day since when they have not been used by my brother or myself. It would be hard to tell what we like best. We like it all.

I live fourteen hundred miles from my grandpa's and grandpa's, uncles' and aunts', but I go to see them nearly every year. The boys and girls have great fun there in the winter-time. We never think of staying in the house here because it is cold. If we have an ice palace this winter, I will send any of your subscribers, who will send me a stamp, a good picture of the palace.

I hope to take you as long as I live, and then leave you to my children.

Truly your friend,

MARION W—.

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A little while ago I went to a Greek christening, and I thought that perhaps you would like to hear about it. Sometimes it takes place in a house and sometimes in a church. The one I saw was in the house. This is the way it was done:

First, two priests came in with a man, who carried a large metal thing on his back which looked something like a bath. This was the font. He put it down in the middle of the room and filled it with warm water and oil. While he was doing this, the priests let down their hair and put on their robes. Then one took the baby, which was quite naked, and dipped it three times in the font, saying prayers at the same time. After that it was taken out and put into a lot of clean, new linen and given to the godfather, who walked three times round the font with the child in his arms, while the priests scattered incense about and said some more prayers. Then the mother took the baby and bound it up tightly in long bands, tied a little muslin cap on its head, and put it to bed. At the beginning each guest received a lighted candle to hold; and when it was over they gave every one a little piece of money which had a hole in it and a piece of blue and white ribbon tied to it. You are expected to pin this upon your dress till you go away. They gave the guests sweets. Sometimes instead of money they have little silver crosses. The godfather or godmother provides everything—the baby's dress and clothes, the sweets and crosses, and also gives the baby a present. The candles are rather dangerous, as they give them to little children as well as grown people. A little child behind me burned off some of her front hair. She did not burn very much off, as I caught sight of her just in time, and I told the mother, who was very much disgusted. But she did not seem to mind the child's

having been in danger so much as she minded her hair being burned off. Now, this is all I remember. So, good-bye.

I remain, your affectionate reader,

ELIZABETH PAYNE S—.

MARDIN, TURKEY IN ASIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old, and have taken you for three years, and enjoy you very much. To get to me, you have to ride on horseback six hundred miles, for the post is brought by horses from Samsoon, on the Black Sea, to Mardin, and takes them from nine to ten days. From where our houses stand, we can see the plain of Mesopotamia stretching away to the south, as far as the eye can reach, and hundreds of miles farther. A few months ago a party of us went down on the plain to a village named Dara—supposed to have been built by Darius, the great king. It is all in ruins now. We saw the remains of immense buildings. One was said to have been the palace of the king. Another was entirely underground. It is thought it was a prison. There was the ruin of a reservoir large enough to supply the whole city with water during a long siege. The city was surrounded by a great wall, high and wide, and outside of the wall was a large moat. Right through the city is the bed of a large river, which is now but a small stream. Across it is a bridge that has lasted to this time. It has two tracks, as if they were worn by chariot wheels. On the tops of many of the ruins were storks' nests. There is a small village there now. The people that live in it are all Moslems. It took us—or rather we took—two days to ride there; it is only eighteen miles from here. But we went out for a good time, and did not hurry. I have an Arabian colt, only two years old, that I ride nearly every day; his name, in Arabic, is "Karrumful," meaning *Clown*. My sister Minnie, four years younger than myself, has a little white Bagdad donkey named "Filfil," meaning *Pepper*.

Let you get tired of me, I will bid you good-bye for this time, always wishing, dear ST. NICHOLAS, the best of success. I am ever your true friend,

NELLIE E. T—.

We thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Eunice O., Ella G. S., Blanche Keat, John D. M., Adèle and Jessie, Alice Putnam, Marion Clothier, May N. H., Marguerite B., Gertrude C. P., Freddy R., Marion E. S., "Evie," Ernestine Robbins, Anna FitzGerald, Allan Moorfield, C. L. Darling, Frank D. C., Sacka de T. Jones, Maria de T. Jones, Allerton Cushman Crane, Daisy A. Sylla, K. B. Lola Barrows, Fannie L. H., Matchie Willingham, Etta Levy, Lillie Jacobs, Kathleen Howard, Mabel Maynard, Patty Gregg, P. L. D., Isabel C. W. Palmer, Olive Knibbs, L. L. W., Alta Fellows and Ruth Myers, "Ethel," Nora Walker, E. C. Wood, Mary B. Tartt, Marie Buchanan, Sadie F., Lionel Hein, Kate J., Anna N. H., Eloise and Lucienne, Maude D., Daisy S., Lizzie W. Leary, Hattie S. Fitch, R. M. and A. F., Bessie Longbridge, Mary Caldwell, Raymond Buck, Maud C. Maxwell.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Porte. 2. Harms. 3. Games.  
4. Peris. 5. Tenor.  
Pl.

'T is the time  
When the chime  
Of the season's choral band is ringing out.  
Smoky brightness fills the air,  
For the light winds everywhere  
Censers full of flowery embers swing about.  
There is sweetness that oppresses,  
As a tender parting blesses;  
There 's a softened glow of beauty,  
As when Love is wreathing Duty;  
There are melodies that seem  
Weaving past and future into one fair dream.

Lucy Larcom, "The Indian Summer."

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC. First row, demans; second,  
oversee; fifth, accuses; sixth, leaside. Cross-words:  
1. Dorsal. 2. Evince. 3. Menace. 4. Erebus. 5. Assisi.  
6. Needed. 7. Setose.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Doses. 2. Obole. 3. Solid. 4. Eliza.  
5. Sedan. CHARADE. Whole-some.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Arthur Gride—Paul Reese—Maude E. Palmer—J. Russell Davis—Pearl F. Stevens—A Family Affair—Jamie and Mamma—Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley—Nellie L. Howes—Maxie and Jackspar—"Wit and Humor"—Blanche and Fred—Helen C. McCleary—Jo and I—Henry Guilford—Ida C. Thallon—Mathilde, Ida, and Alice.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from J. Norman Carpenter, 1—L. T., 1—Emma Sydney, 8—Arthur B. Lawrence, 4—M. E. W., 1—Clara and Emma, 1—M. H., 1—Papa and Honora, 1—Susy I. Myers, 2—May Cadwallader, 1—Guy H. Purdy, 3—Sadie and Mary F., 2—M. H. V., 5—Kitty, Bessie, and Eugene, 3—R. M. and A. F., 1—Elsie Rosenbaum, 2—"Wamba, Prince Charming, and Molly Bawn," 5—John W. Frothingham, Jr., 4—"Karl and Queen Elizabeth," 8—Gita and Pink, 9—Clara and O., 4—Charlie Reta and Ernie Sharp, 4—"We Two," 8—B. F. R., 9—Sissie Hunter, 3—Marion S. Dumont, 2—J. M. Wright, 5—"May and 79," 8—Irvin V. G. Gillis, 10—Albert E. Clay, 10—"All of Us," 3—Jim, Tom, and Charlie, 10—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Carrie Holzman, 2—Gert and Fan, 6—G. Goldfrank, 7—Adrienne Forrester, 5—Nagrom, 3—Katie Guthrie, 3—Eleuthera Smith, 5—A. A. Smith, 1—Three American Readers, 4—Kendrick Family, 1—No Name, Conn., 5—A. W. Bartlett, 1—G. Harwood, 6.

### A PENTAGON.

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1. In muscular. 2. Reverence. 3. Songs or tunes.  
4. A wooden instrument used for cleaning flax. 5. Gold coins of the United States. 6. To become unconscious.  
7. To discover.

F. S. F.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE letters in each of the following thirteen groups may be transposed so as to form one word. When these are rightly guessed they will answer to the following definitions: 1. Relating to color. 2. Half a poetic verse. 3. A name for buttercups, given them by Pliny, because the aquatic species grow where frogs abound. 4. Just. 5. Numbened. 6. Shaped like a top. 7. The summer

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

There 's not a flower on all the hills,  
The frost is on the pane.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Bryant. Cross-words: 1. caBbage. 2. haRness. 3. toYshop. 4. crAvats. 5. caNteen. 6. buTtons.—RIDDLE. Pillow.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE. Thomson. 1. Tempest. 2. tHroned. 3. moOrish. 4. diaMond. 5. modeSty. 6. kingdOm. 7. ruffiaN.

BROKEN WORDS. Thanksgiving, Old Homestead. 1. Turn Over. 2. Hire Ling. 3. Anti Dote. 4. Night Hawk. 5. Keels On. 6. Sides Man. 7. Gods End. 8. Inter Scribe. 9. Vesper Time. 10. Imp End. 11. Not Able. 12. Glad Den.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Capratina; finals, Dindymene. Cross-words: 1. CarotiD. 2. Alfieri. 3. Penguin. 4. RumoreD. 5. AbilitY. 6. TransoM. 7. ImpingE. 8. Nankeen. 9. AndantE.

### PROVERB PUZZLE.

May good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both.

solstice, June 21. 8. Mineral pitch. 9. Layers of earth lying under other layers. 10. The more volatile parts of substances, separated by solvents. 11. Accused. 12. The goddess of discord. 13. The utmost point.

1. I match roc.  
2. She hit mic.  
3. I run clan U.  
4. A limp rat, I.  
5. Fed, I set up.  
6. I run at Bet.  
7. Rimm mused.  
8. Put a sham L.  
9. As tar tubs.  
10. I rust cent.  
11. Dime peach.  
12. Cari is odd.  
13. Extry time.

When the above letters have been rightly transposed, and the words placed one below the other, the primals will spell a festal time, and the finals will spell an anniversary of the Church of England, held on the 28th of December.

F. S. F.



EACH of the six pictures in the above illustration may be described by a word of five letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the letters from 1 to 20 (as indicated in the accompanying diagram) will spell the name of an eminent scholar and divine who was born December 13, 1815.

#### DOUBLE DIAMOND.

ACROSS: 1. In Chinaman. 2. A pert townsman. 3. An old word meaning the crown of the head. 4. The Indian name for a lake. 5. A prize given at Harvard University. 6. A masculine nickname. 7. In Chinaman.

DOWNWARD: 1. In Chinaman. 2. A capsule of a plant. 3. A printer's mark showing that something is interlined. 4. Men enrolled for military discipline. 5. A fibrous product of Brazil. 6. The first half of a word meaning very warm. 7. In Chinaman.

H. AND B.

#### DOUBLE FINAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the cross-words are of equal length. When they have been rightly guessed and placed one below the

other, in the order here given, the last row of letters, reading upward, will spell something often read at this time of the year; the row next to the last, reading downward, will spell something often overhead at this time of the year.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Flourishing. 2. A company of singers. 3. A rope with a noose. 4. The "Wizard of the North." 5. Baffles. 6. Small, insect-eating mammals. 7. A great artery of the body. 8.

A maxim or aphorism. 9. Silica.

DOT PEERYBINGLE.

#### PL.

YAUNJSAR sklapser dolo,  
Erarubfy strigtel,  
Charm mosce ni, a dydum clods,  
Ripal boss nad stirett;  
Crangtik cloes reh dribse-daim yam,  
Slubseh nuje wiht seros stewe;  
Neth teh sleml fo wen-monw yha,  
Enth het sewwa fo delgon hewta,  
Tenh eth selentin fo lafi;  
Hent teh rawzid thnon fo lal;  
Neth het seridfie swogli, dan enth  
Cashstrim some ot hater aniga.

#### DIAGONAL.

THE diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, spell the surname of a famous musician born in 1756.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Central. 2. A body of about five hundred soldiers. 3. An enchanter. 4. A country of North America. 5. To expand. 6. A parcel.





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READY FOR A NEW YEAR.